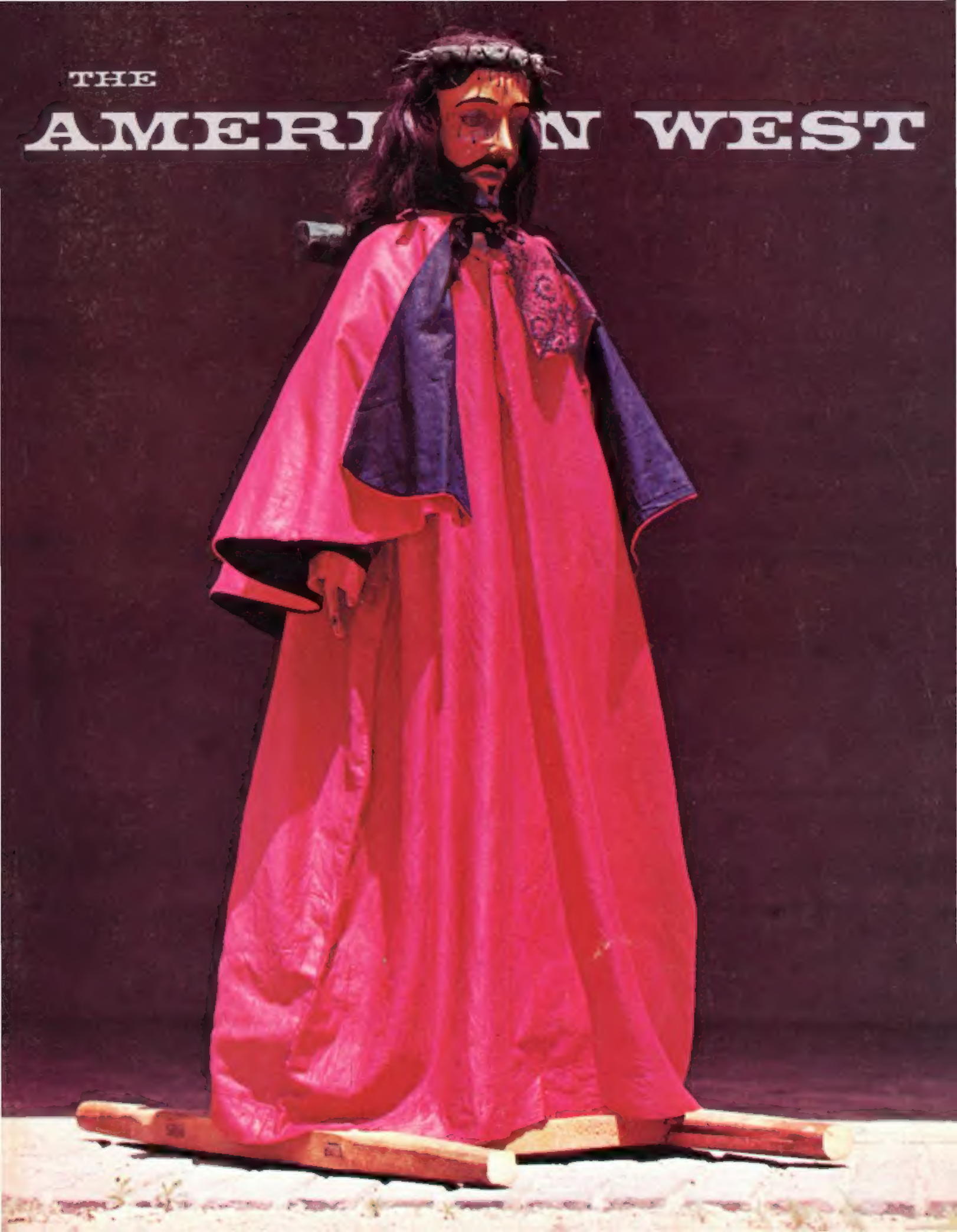
THE

AMERI N WEST



JESUS DENAZ

JESUS NAZARENO
(JESUS OF NAZARETH)
"THE MAN OF SORROWS"

Cover and inside cover (opposite page) present two views of a remarkable santo. The image, 41 inches in height, is supported on a rude frame to be borne in procession. Clothing and wig are offerings prepared by worshippers. Such items often create a considerable wardrobe, one garment being placed over another. Arms are articulated at shoulder and elbow, permitting the figure to be shown in several postures. Other examples and descriptions of this type of Spanish-American folk art begin on page 37.

THE TAYLOR MUSEUM, COLORADO SPRINGS FINE ARTS CENTER

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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THE AMERICAN WEST

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PHOTO BY KEITH EDDINGTON

On the Writing of History

One without valid membership in the community of historians is not entitled to opinions about the profession, but he may have impressions. It is my impression that too many trained professionals consider narrative history, history rendered as story, to be something faintly disreputable, the proper playground of lady novelists.

BY WALLACE STEGNER

Recently I asked a doctoral candidate who was embarking on a history of Berlin since World War II if he intended to dramatize the personalities and events of those twenty years. Was he going to write an analysis or a story? How would his book be affected if, as he uncovered his material, he came upon people who played protagonist and antagonist, embodying in themselves significant forces of the cold war? How would he handle the challenges and confrontations, the suspense, the climactic scenes? Clearly he would encounter such things, for how could he overlook Adenauer, Willi Brandt, Walter Ulbricht, the jockeyings for political advantage, the tie-ups on the Autobahn, the airlift, the mass flight, the Wall? But when I asked my question he looked at me, and so did some of the eminent historians on his committee, with a slight quizzical smile. I was thinking like a journalist or a novelist, not like a historian. He had not studied, and they had not trained him, to approach his dissertation in any such mood as that. They had trained him to probe for cause and consequence, to exhaust sources, to analyze, to generalize from tested facts. Pretty obviously they considered the analytical approach the only intellectually respectable one. Obviously they thought that treating those explosive two decades as drama would endanger the dependability of the result. They did not want him producing something like Leon Uris' *Armageddon*.

In holding him to an intellectually rigorous method they were, beyond all question, sound. But I think they dismissed too lightly an approach that would have

Wallace Stegner

Bernard DeVoto

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

been, for that particular segment of history, the most proper one. The postwar history of Berlin will not be properly written until is it narrated. A *good* book on Berlin may be a pastiche of communiques, conferences, policies, ultimatums, and abstract forces. The *great* book on Berlin is going to be a sort of Iliad, a story that dramatizes a power struggle in terms of the men who waged it. Which does not mean at all that it will be intellectually deficient.

History's truth is truth to fact, to what happened. "If you take truth from History," says Polybius, "what is left but an improfitable tale?" And what is an improfitable tale but fiction, whose truth is not truth to fact but truth to plausibility? Yet it is not the presence of dramatic narrative that makes false history false. Falseness derives from inadequate or inaccurate information, faulty research, neglected resources, bias, bad judgment, misleading implication, and these afflict the expository among us about as often as they afflict the narrative. It is true that the excitement of story-telling, like the excitement of phrase-making, often tempts a writer into misrepresentation. But the excitement of analysis, the excitement of generalization, can do the same; and the laudable lust for absolute accuracy can lead to dullness, can cause a man to proffer a set of notes instead of a finished book, as if one did not write history, but collected it.

Any method has its dangers. The solution is not to repudiate both generalization and dramatization, both the accurate and the vivid, and sit inert in the middle of one's virtue. Neither is anything gained by pretending that all narrative historians write better than expository historians, for clearly some narrative historians write badly and many expository historians write extremely well. Speaking as an amateur, I should guess that the trick is to make the twin cutting tools of sound research and a sense of the dramatic work together like scissor blades.

I have heard of a university history department which was offered a visiting historian noted for his grace of style. The idea of the donor was to let him have a salutary effect on the quality of the local historical prose. The department refused him, saying in effect, Thank you, no, we'll haggle along with our own dull saw. If they had taken him, he might have taught them that well-written history does not have to be inaccurate, and he might have learned from them that not all dull history is dependable. Maybe both would have learned that the dramatizing of legitimately dramatic true events does not necessarily falsify them, nor need it leave their meaning ambiguous.

Dramatic narrative is simply one means by which a historian can make a point vividly. To imagine historiography without this possibility is like imagining Christ without His parables, or Abraham Lincoln without his anecdotes.

* * *

Calliope and Clio are not identical twins, but they *are* sisters. History, a fable agreed on, is not a science

but a branch of literature, an artifact made by artificers and sometimes by artists. Like fiction, it has only persons, places, and events to work with, and like fiction it may present them either in summary or in dramatic scene. Conversely, fiction, even fantastic fiction, reflects so much of the society that produces it that it may have an almost-historical value as record. Objective and sociological novels come very close to history, the difference being principally that history reports the actual, fiction the typical. Thus *An American Tragedy,* working out what Dreiser felt to be a characteristic American fate, was built on the extensive study of real murder trials, and in its text – transporting them bodily from real to make-believe – it incorporates many details and several documents from the case of Chester Gillette, who was convicted and executed for the murder of his girl in upstate New York in 1906.

That transposition of the actual into the fictional is only one instance of a common process. There is a whole middle ground between fiction and history. So-called historical fiction, which transposes the fictional into the actual, may have every degree of historical authenticity up to the highest, while things called history and biography may be treated with so little of the historian's responsibility to fact that they amount to frauds. There are respectable books all across the spectrum, but it is important that they be called what they are, and do not pretend to be what they are not.

I defend the middle ground as one who has strayed there several times – in *The Preacher and the Slave, Beyond the Hundredth Meridian, The Gathering of Zion,* and *Wolf Willow.* I doubt that any of those books fuses fiction and history with total success, but each has shown me a different possibility. Any librarian would catalogue the first as a novel, the second as a biography, the third as history. The fourth might give her classificatory heartburn. But at least in the matter of method and approach I am prepared to defend them all.

The Preacher and the Slave, an account of the life and death of the IWW martyr Joe Hill, is a novel: it has a novel's intentions and takes a novel's liberties. As necessary, I invented characters, scenes, motivations, dialogue, and though Hill's execution gave me an inescapable ending, I bent the approach to that conclusion as seemed to me needful. But the bending that seemed needful was also imposed on me, in a way, for I had spent four or five years collecting documentary and other evidence on both Joe Hill and the IWW, had hunted down seven or eight people who had known the elusive Joe Hill in life, had studied the trial transcript and many newspaper files, had talked with the family of the two men Hill was accused of murdering, and with the sheriff who conducted the execution by firing squad, with the Wobbly editor who arranged Hill's public funeral in Chicago, and with balladeers who had written Joe Hill songs. I had attended IWW martyr meetings. I had gotten the warden of the Utah State Penitentiary to walk me through a mock execution so that I would know imaginatively how a condemned and blindfolded man might feel in the very soles of his feet his progress toward death down iron stairs, across paved courtyard, into cindered alley to the chair with the bullet-battered backstop.

That is, I took every bit as much pains as I would have taken if I had intended to write a history, and I think that when I started to write I knew as much IWW history as anybody in the world and could judge its passions and its ambiguities almost as impartially. Also, I blended the fictional and the documentary as Dreiser had done. The last section utilizes actual letters to and from Joe Hill, some of the trial records, some of the record of a hearing before the pardon board, some of Joe Hill's songs written in prison. A pretty historical book, in its way. Nevertheless, I took pains in a foreword to label it "an act of the imagination," which is what I wanted it to be.

In *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian* I had no such fictional aim. The book is a biography of Major John Wesley Powell, which incorporates much of the history of the western surveys and of the formation of several Washington bureaus. Much of it is as expository as it could well be. But all the expository history rests upon an opening section that is nearly pure narrative, pure adventure story: the account of Powell's first expedition down the Green and Colorado rivers in 1869. In giving that narrative nearly a third of the book, I may have been warping some abstract and ideal proportion, but I invented nothing, not even the feelings of the men I was following. I only exploited what their journals and letters offered me, and tried to imagine my way into their situation through my own knowledge of the canyons. Unlike the novelist, a historian cannot invent drama but can only take advantage of it when he finds it. In this book I wanted to be a historian.

Invention was not a possibility in *The Gathering of Zion,* either, since my intention was to write the history of the Mormon migration in the terms of the people who made it. Admittedly the aim was selective, since it left out much doctrinal, hierarchic, and political material, but within its limitations I wanted it to be as accurate as I could make it. I was much less interested in the doctrinal and political causes of this march than in the march itself, and in what faith did to the people who held it. In *The Preacher and the Slave* I had been after the personality of a rebel. I had started out by getting interested in *songs* that men had died to. Here on the Mormon Trail was a *faith* that people had died for.

My intention in *The Gathering of Zion* was clearly novelistic in its emphasis on human interest, but historical in that I wanted to be faithful to fact and record. Because I was after visceral history, I gave myself an extensive Parkman-esque exposure to the geography and weather of the trail; and I stuck close to the dust and storms and exhaustion and trials of faith reflected in the letters and journals of a wide range of people. Because this subject had been treated too often by partisans full of the zeal of attack or defense, I tried to exhaust these journal sources and not to stray from them. It is obvious from the amount of space I gave to the hegira from Nauvoo, the pioneer trip to Salt Lake Valley, and the tragic handcart episode that I was seizing every chance to dramatize—seizing, in fact, the same events that the Mormon imagination had already built into myths. Where the events of the migration were not especially dramatic, I told them in summary. So except for a few chapters, this is essentially narrative history. But it *is* history, if I understand the term.

My own opinion is that *Wolf Willow* ought to be called history too, though it is nearly a third reminiscence and more than a third fiction. The publishers solved the problem by subtitling it, "A History, a Story, and a Memory." But I hope that it is one thing, not three, and its dominant impulse was historical. Having grown up literally without history, in a place where human actions had not been formally remembered and recorded, I developed long after I left there the ambition to write at least the beginning of the history of those hills in southern Saskatchewan where the buffalo and the Plains Indians came to their end as a culture and a force. I wanted to be the Herodotus of the Cypress Hills. Like that other father of history, I found the documentation thin—a scrap or two in the *Jesuit Relations,* a bit in *Le Métis Canadien,* a few Hudson's Bay records and reminiscences, some newspaper accounts of the Cypress Hills Massacre and its aftermath, something about Sitting Bull, something about the Mounted Police, some recollections of old-timers, one continuous local newspaper file beginning in 1914. But I had lived in the hills myself, and my memories were sharp. It seemed legitimate, as a means of realizing the country for readers, to put my remembering senses into the book, and my own family's experiences. And when I came to write about the open-range cattle industry, I was irresistibly driven to write it as fiction, as a typical story rather than as an expository summary. I thought I could get more truth into a slightly fictionized story of the winter that killed the cattle industry on the northern plains than I could into any summary. So I wrote that section as three connected stories, a sort of broken novel. Later I took out the middle one, a yarn called "The Wolfer," for entirely literary reasons: it was told in the first person by a Mounted Policeman, and it intruded a disturbingly subjective "voice" into a book that was already discontinuous enough. Unlike fiction, history can have only one voice, the historian's.

* * *

Those are only four of many possible combinations that lie between the poles of history and fiction. Whatever the combination, I am positive that the novelist's skill with scene, character, and symbol may be used, not to cheapen history but to enhance it. One way of understanding something is to see it recreated—a playback. The great romantic historians, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, and Parkman, freely used such skills, and they gravitated naturally toward the heroic subjects that permitted heroic treatment. Their histories are not to be understood out of the context that includes Sir Walter Scott. As David Levin has pointed out, their histories are not so much record as romantic art. Obviously there is every justification for the kind of history that preserves and records, but history as romantic art—or realistic art, for that matter—is not entirely the province of lesser lady novelists and popularizers. As a modern instance of the meeting of a great subject and a great talent I cite you Bernard DeVoto.

It would have frustrated DeVoto, who tried long

and hard to be a novelist, to know that his essays and especially his histories would outlast his novels. But it is true that the talents which labor and overheat in the novels run smooth and cool in the histories. They are story-telling talents, but they work better on historical characters and events than on imagined ones. For one thing, the American West gave DeVoto a greater story and more colorful people than any he could possibly have invented. There is nobody in his novels who belongs in the same gallery with his Narcissa Whitman, Tamsen Donner, Susan Magoffin, Jim Clyman, or that large, empty figure John Charles Frémont, whom DeVoto calls "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

For another thing, fiction demands a ventriloquist, and DeVoto spoke best in his own voice.

Modern fiction has complexities and subtleties of point of view unknown to history. Even the word *objective* has different meanings in the two arts. In history it means *impartial;* in fiction it means *invisible.* The fictional author can make himself invisible either by being a camera or by burying himself in the subjective consciousness of one of his characters, as Camus buried himself in Mersault in *The Stranger.* We may make what we will of Mersault; Camus does not explain him, he only presents him or rather, permits him to present himself. Internal as that novel is, Camus was correct in calling it an exercise in objectivity.

Whatever the point of view, modern fiction rarely utilizes the old omniscience that used to be the stance of both fiction and history and is still the stance of history. Instead of being present as judge and commentator, the novelist now is barely more than a shadow or a half-heard whisper, what Wayne Booth calls the "suggested author." However the problem of point of view is handled, it is the first thing a man sitting down to write a novel must settle. A historian never has to raise the question. The novelist works tentatively, hesitantly, like a man releasing a slipping clutch on a hill, and sometimes he may share E. B. White's nostalgia for the old Model T, on whose pedal one used to step down with complete positiveness, as he might kick open a door. I am fairly sure that Bernard DeVoto came to history with a certain mental relief, precisely because history still works with the Model T's epicycloidal clutch. DeVoto did not want to be off somewhere like the God of creation, indifferent, paring his fingernails. He was a positive man with positive opinions, and he must have liked the sense that as historian he had no need to hide or disguise either his attitudes or his personal gift of language. He did not, in history, have to write down to some undereducated or inarticulate or hysterical character; he could write always up to his own level. Once he knew his facts he could be bold, with a novelist's eye for drama and a historian's godlike assumption that he speaks not merely to posterity, but for it.

It is a question whether he ever fully understood how much more at home he was in history than in fiction: his natural impulse was to curse the historian's trade picturesquely, but the curses must be discounted. In the DeVoto papers in the Stanford University Library, there is a file of correspondence between DeVoto and Garrett Mattingly, his friend and mentor, himself a historian of very great distinction. The two criticized each other's work, bucked one another up, lamented serially and in unison, and read one another's lectures, and in the course of twenty-two years managed to discuss most of the problems of historiography. It is a fascinating file. Two men of very different temperament approach history from opposite ends, both working toward that transformation of fact by the imagination that both thought the highest reach of the historian's art. DeVoto was a man whom Mattingly wholeheartedly and all but uncritically admired; Mattingly was a man on whom DeVoto depended as his historical and scholarly conscience. They made a good team, without rivalry. Mattingly, a Renaissance scholar, pretended to know nothing about the American West; DeVoto, a writer, pretended to know nothing about history, though on occasion he thought historians did not know much about it either.

The pretense of incompetence begins early in the DeVoto letters and is never entirely given up. "I can't ever become a historian," he wrote Mattingly in 1933, "for I hate detail and can't spare the time for original research. I'm a journalist, my boy. Besides, the historians being the only group in America who approve of me, it would be a pity to alienate them as I certainly would if I announced I'd forfeited my present immunity as a mere literary gent. . . ." A historian? Me? But in that same letter he was already outlining the book that later would appear as *The Year of Decision: 1846.*

Both that book and *Across the Wide Missouri,* which followed it, were composed as braided narratives following the actions of groups of characters, a complex

Garrett Mattingly

MRS MATTINGLY

epic of disparate people all engaged in a single action, the opening of the West, and all revealed through quotation and paraphrase of their letters and journals. This was the sort of history DeVoto found stimulating; if there are complaints about the muse of history in the letters of that time, they are meant jokingly, and they are matched by explosions of enthusiasm, such as the one that reported his discovery of James Clyman as the "culture hero" he needed for a unifying principle. He would not invent, but how happily he discovered in his materials the dramatic and the symbolic! Halley's comet fell into his lap like a shower of pure gold.

But with *The Course of Empire*, which he began writing in the late 1940's, the agonies of history bore down on him. This book, he wrote Mattingly, "is a different *kind* of stuff from its predecessors and I don't enjoy the dilemma, for if this one is history the other isn't, and who am I?" As Mattingly said to DeVoto's friend and assistant Helen Everitt when the book was finished,

> Every historian has to grapple with the problem that any significant action occurs in a frame of space, and that the more significant the action the more it is implicated with other actions, antecedent, contemporary and subsequent. . . . Tackling anything like the Lewis and Clark expedition in these terms (something I had no idea Benny meant to do when he started) is a pretty heroic enterprise.

To DeVoto himself, the year before, when DeVoto was nearly frantic with the complexity of what he was trying to do, Mattingly had written encouragement:

> This is a different kind of history from anything you have written so far, but it's been implicit . . . in practically everything you've ever written, and you'd got to the point where it had to be explicit. For your temperament, or mine for that matter, striding across the centuries, hitting the high spots isn't nearly so satisfactory as concentration on a shorter time span. Hard as it is for anyone to know even a very little about North America in 1846 or Western Europe in 1588, it isn't downright impossible; but nobody can cover a line of development over two or three centuries . . . without feeling oppressed by the weight of his own ignorance. . . .

Oppressed he most certainly was. He lamented his own incapacity:

> I am not going to join you any longer in the pretense that I have the kind of mind that can write history . . . I am quite incapable of determining facts, recognizing facts, appraising facts, putting facts into relation to one another, confining myself to facts, guiding myself by facts, or even recording facts. My mind is an instrument superbly designed for inaccuracy. . . .

He lamented the errors of the authorities he wanted to depend on:

> I'm getting fed up with historians. Yes, & editors of texts too. I worked two weeks trying to find out why my hero Verendrye thought that the same river flowed both north and south in the same stretch. When I finally followed it back to the original text I found that Mr. Burpee, one of your colleagues, had just inserted a comma.

He lamented the endlessness of historical research:

> This was supposed to be about Sacajawea, wasn't it? I figure I can clean up the predecessors of L&C in 30 years more, oh, easy. I figure I can do the empires and the wars in less than 10 years more and the trans-Allegheny U.S., the state of scientific thought, symmetrical geography, the diplomatics and American politics in another 10, and maybe in 5 years I can get Napoleon and La. straightened out. . . . Well, God damn it, twice now you've been able to tell me what book I was writing on the basis of the first draft. . . . You damn well better tell me pretty soon what book I'm working toward now or I'll get buried under it. What's in my mind? . . . What book am I aiming at?

To that blast, Mattingly responded soothingly.

> You've just got a light case of *regressus historicus*. I've seen some lulus. Thirty years ago [one of my colleagues] decided that he couldn't write about the 16th century German Sacramentarians without a little background of medieval heresies. Now he despairs of really knowing anything about the Albigenses without exploring the 11th century Bogomils and the

9th century Paulicians, and behind them, he knows, are Yezedees and Manichaeans and dark little twisty passageways leading off into Persia and Assyria and Egypt. Meanwhile he works away doggedly at the connection between Peter Waldo and the Humiliati, at Catherine and Potarini, half a continent and five hundred years from his starting point, which he has practically forgotten.

Buried in multiplying and proliferating sources, cursing his ignorance and his lack of education ("I can't dig out the background of the background of the background. How the hell do I learn historical geography?") DeVoto yearned for some sort of "Instant History":

Did anybody ever write a history of the Seven Years War, in one volume, that I could keep on my desk for reference and could rely on? If the answer is the *Cambridge Modern History*, be so good as to include a teaspoonful of strychnine with your bibliographical note.

He groaned when Mattingly, supplying bibliography like a thesis director, sent him to *Le Métis Canadien* at the suggestion of his colleague John Brebner.

Please drop in on Brebner and shoot him. *Le Métis Canadien* has 1293 royal octavo pages. You know my other historical weakness: I have to read all of a book.

Actually he was a glutton for work—twelve to fifteen hours a day seven days a week—and he was also incomparably lucky, for in Mattingly he had the constant assistance and encouragement of a beautifully trained and learned professional. God send all amateur historians such a friend. He steered DeVoto to the right books, he distinguished between reliable and unreliable authorities, he criticized drafts, he bucked up morale, he wrung out crying towels, he summarized peripheral historical matters that DeVoto wanted to know about, such as the Mesta in Spain and the background of Spanish exploration and settlement in the Southwest. He even, humbly, disparaged his own indispensable usefulness, in order to encourage the literary friend whom he considered more brilliant than himself. To hell, he said, with the self-constituted experts to whom DeVoto thought he must pay attention.

The function of specialists in the historians' economy is to mine and smelt the ore out of which better men write history. I've done that kind of coolie work for years, and have the callouses on my bottom to prove it. . . .

But if he thought that coolie work was all he was doing for DeVoto, he badly underestimated himself. Every once in a while one of his casual remarks touched DeVoto off like a rocket. One instance will illustrate. On November 1, 1945, DeVoto wrote Mattingly in the same mood with which earlier he had described his discovery of Jim Clyman as the culture hero who in his own person had lived the whole West of his time. Now DeVoto was responding to a remark Mattingly had made a few days earlier.

"American history," says you, with the confidence of a man who boasts that he knows nothing about it, "American history is History in transition from an Atlantic to a Pacific phase." If you didn't say it in that way, don't revise it now, for that's the way I want it. As I say, there is a literary ethics: I will steal what I need as I need it, but not from my friends. And I think I'll begin my book, or end it, or both, with those great words, like the couriers that are stayed not on the frieze. Do you want to be accredited in the text or in a footnote?

Accreditation was in order, for crystallizing a major theme and for other services, including the sort of literary criticism that Mattingly should not theoretically have been needed for. The novelist as historian should at least know how to write. In the face of his mountain of facts, blown by all the thirty-two winds of confusion, DeVoto lost his confidence even in that aspect of the writing of history, and faced the prospect gloomily.

I still know as little as ever and I'm oppressed by it. But also I'm suddenly oppressed by how much I know, at least how much information I have, and how hard it's going to be to impose form on it and make it readable. I suppose there is a structure; I know it's going to be hell to find it. . . .

Chapter by chapter Mattingly helped him find it, or more often corroborated the fact that he *had* found it. And he bent his ear, perhaps not unwillingly, when DeVoto blew up at the woes of composition. He was writing, DeVoto said,

the dullest broth of watery, uremic, and flatulent prose ever compounded, of which there is not only no end but not even a middle. Middle? hell, there is not even an approach, there is not even a beginning. It takes me thirty thousand words to draw even with where I was when I began them. To begin a chapter is enough to make sure that I will be farther from the end of the book when I finish it—farther by twice as many words and God knows how many years. I run furiously, at the extremity of (my) waning strength, and the sweat that pours off me is all words, words, words, words, words by the galley, words by the thousand, words by the dictionary, and I sink

forever deeper in them, I don't get any farther forward, I only drift back and disappear under them. And Jesus Christ, what words, shapeless, colorless, without sound or substance or taste or perfume or indeed existence, words of immense viscosity and no energy or luminescence whatsoever, words out of a lawyer's brief or out of a New Critic's essay on Truman Capote or the ghost who writes MacArthur's communiques, words of unbaked dough, of glucose thinned with bilge, words less than a serum and somewhat more than an exudation, and in all the mess and mass of them not a God damned thought. . . . With thirteen million words written or by our lady two score million, we have now accounted for 229 years that do not enter at all into my book and have only forty more years to go, or say an even million words, if in the meantime I can learn something about concentration . . . before we reach the beginning of my book and, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction and a suffusing glow of happy realization that only ten million words lie ahead, take up a blank, virgin sheet of paper and write on the top of it Page One.

Any writer will recognize the symptoms, as Mattingly did. This is a man trying to force shape and eloquence upon a resistant and complex body of historical fact. And doing, as Mattingly pointed out, a great deal better than he admitted. Much of the difficulty of this last volume of the western trilogy arose from the fact that it was much less narrative than the others. The generalizer and synthesizer was constantly called on, the novelist had less chance to shine, and he struggled.

Nevertheless, he retained his fictional license, and wherever he could, in brief brilliant flashes, he rendered the explorations of Mackenzie, Frazer, Thompson, Peter Pond, as story; and he made of the Lewis and Clark expedition a symbolic journey to the end of what Columbus had begun, the full achievement of the Northwest Passage to history's Pacific phase. And he didn't fail to heed, even when his materials were recalcitrant, the advice he had given Mattingly years before in 1938. If there was one thing wrong with Mattingly's writing, he had said then, it was "forgetfulness, or momentary disbelief, that the reader is in there working too. In narrative fewest is best and you don't have to tell everything, for if anyone is with you at all, he is half a yard ahead of you . . . you're probably giving him more than he needs."

Here is the touch not of a recorder but of an artist: being possessed of mountains of material, restrain yourself, don't dump it all on the reader. Let him come climbing eagerly in discovery. And some other advice he had given, touching on the uses of the dramatic: I think you lean over a little backward—I think you refuse to let yourself utilize all the emotional possibilities, sometimes, on the unconscious theory that you'd be popularizing if you did. . . . It's almost as if you pulled up at second base because no scholar ought to knock a home run. Whereas for the dignity of scholarship every scholar who can write, which is damned few, ought to write his head off. . . . When you get a scene, play it. I'd even sacrifice all the dispensable detail in order to get room for drama. You know I'm not arguing that you should leave out anything that ought to be in, or that you ought to pump up a scene that hasn't got enough stuff in itself, or in any other way falsify or cheapen the material or the trade. But I am saying that a man who can write as well as you can ought to take advantage of his opportunities.

That is essentially the historical method that both DeVoto and Mattingly aspired to, coming at it from opposite sides. It is a long way from the meticulously pedestrian. It is also as far as possible from the sort of lady-novelist, best-seller history than an editor once urged on Mattingly: "He offers me," Mattingly wrote DeVoto in a rage, "a bewildering choice of subject, from Richard the Lion Hearted to Prince Henry the Navigator ('now there's a great story that's never been told!') to John Hancock, or how about Maria Theresa. He waves away all possible scholarly doubts. 'If you make it part fiction, or just don't put [in] any footnotes,' he says shrewdly, 'nobody but you will know how much you are making up.' "

That editor has since taken up the pen himself and sold hundreds of thousands of copies of doctored and doped "history." In the process he has done harm to the good name of narrative history, and it is perhaps his kind of books which have created prejudice among the professionals. But one does not judge Thucydides by the practice of an untutored local amateur, and one should not judge narrative history by the people who prostitute it. DeVoto and Mattingly, temperamentally different but alike in their distaste for either the tawdry or the dull, have set far sounder examples of how to tell the stories that history provides, without either missing the drama or leaving out the footnotes.

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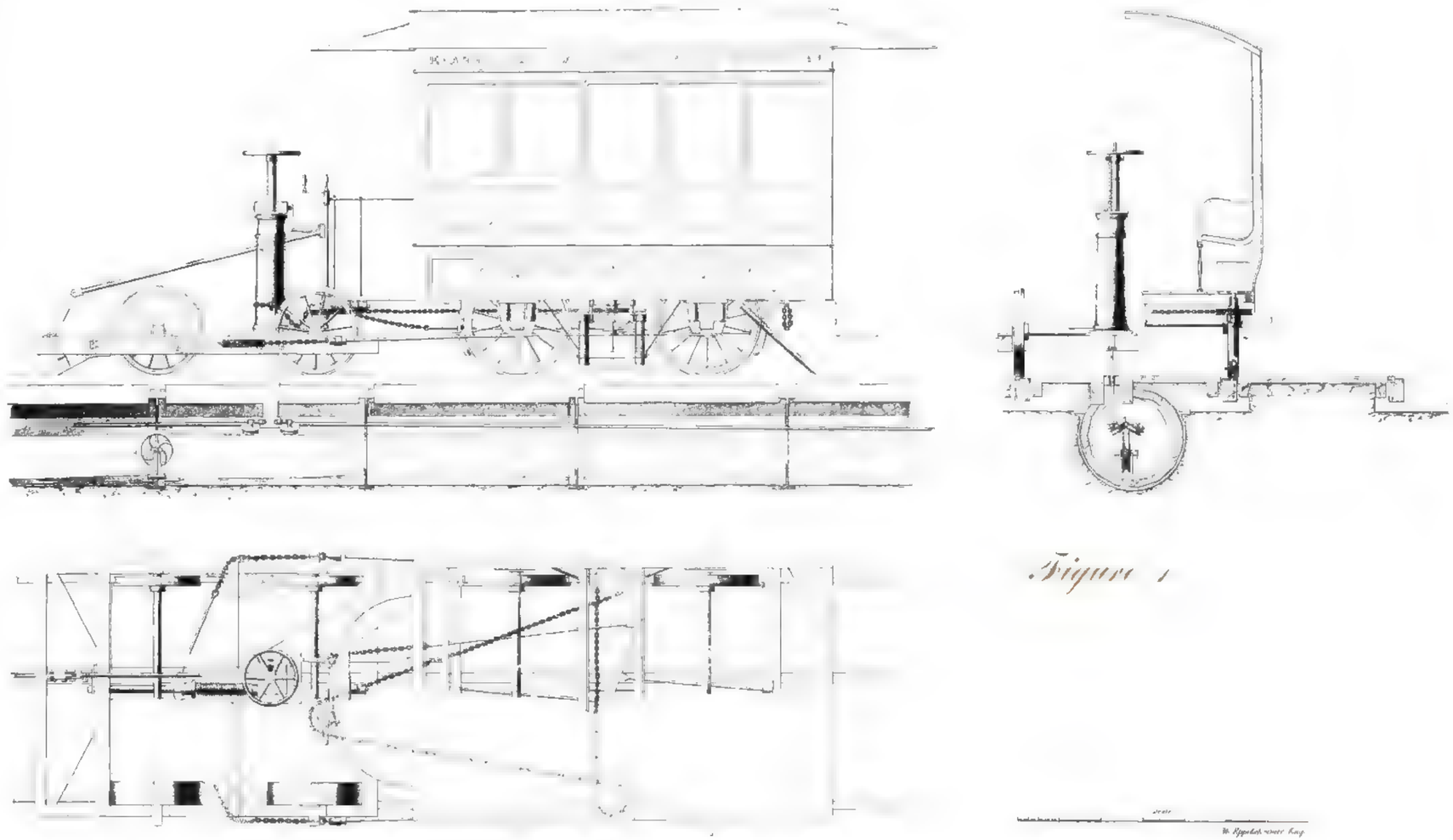
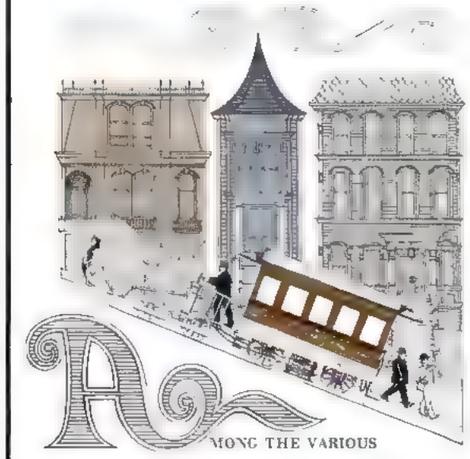


Figure 1

"Diagram of the first street cable car in the world. Presented by Hon. A. S. Hallidie, Regent of the University. to the University of California Inventor of the system."

THE FIRST CABLE CAR



AMONG THE VARIOUS curiosities produced by the Age of the Mechanic, the San Francisco cable car occupies a singular position in the popular imagination. The likelihood of successful operation of the contraption is extremely marginal – as anyone can see at a glance. Yet, to our perpetual delight, it *works*. Furthermore, it worked the first day it was tried (Saturday, August 2, 1873), and but for a trifling bug or two it worked as well then as it does now.

One would imagine that the introduction of a revolutionary and (after its fashion) near-perfect gadget for mass transportation would have been easily the biggest news story of the fall season in the San Francisco of 1873. Far from it. Much more space was devoted to juvenile delinquency in the press, and even the progress of the conversion of the fast steamer *Vanderbilt* into a giant clipper ship was thought more worthy of reportorial attention.

Perhaps nobody really believed that the cable car was here to stay. At any rate, one result of editorial restraint was that for all of the photographs and drawings of the Clay Street cable cars that not long after were broadcast to the

By Roger R. Olmsted

ends of the earth, none was an accurate representation of the *first* cable car.

Herewith reproduced for the first time, so far as can be ascertained, is the original drawing by the inventor himself, which is titled in a casual script: "Diagram of the first street cable-car in the world. Presented to the University of California by Hon. A. S. Hallidie, Regent of the University. Inventor of the system."

This drawing *(Figure 1)* shows that Hallidie, unlike the developers of many other popular engines, was remarkably considerate of the lives of his passengers and the durability of his machinery. The wedge at the nose could be thrust into the cable slot in case the car got away going downhill; astern is a pointed drag iron, to serve the same purpose on an uphill slope. The wooden shoe-brakes (between the wheels of the trailer) were the same as those in use today and could lift the wheels right off the tracks if applied with vigor. The cable slot was off center, the better to keep rain and grit off the cable (a practice later discarded as unnecessary); the grip mechanism, controlled by a screw, was very powerful yet "could be operated by a boy." (Later improvements employed the more convenient lever and the services of a strong man.)

What would seem positively to identify this car as the original — aside from the notation on the drawing — is the mechanism for coupling the traction car (the "dummy") to the passenger car or trailer. This system of chains and tie rods, running over sheaves between the wheels of the dummy, is attached (in front of the grip screw) to a slide working against a spring. Reports published after Hallidie's first trials state that the dummy did not take off with the anticipated jerk when the grip was engaged, and therefore the coil spring coupling would not be required in later models.

The only drawings published locally after the Clay Street Railway began full operation in September 1873 show a different dummy *(Figure 2)*. This dummy had a big wheel abreast the grip mechanism. It was later reported that Hallidie had some trouble the first year or two with the dummies rearing and bucking. Certainly this large wheel exactly on the line of the grip could cause such antics, and it appears that a more conventional wheel arrangement (as in *Figure 3*) was later employed. And there were other improvements. As the cable cars had shown on their earliest public outings that they were capable of carrying an immense load, the dummies were soon equipped with seats and roof, thereby increasing the nominal capacity of the outfit to thirty people and the afternoon squeeze to seventy.

A close look at *Figure 1* reveals a grip mechanism which was generally similar to that seen in *Figures 2* and *3* and in the detail drawing *(Figure 4)*, but which was different in one obvious respect: the later drawings show *two* wheels by which the operator controlled the grip the lower one turning the hollow screw which raised and lowered the *entire* grip, the upper one actuating a second

Figure 2

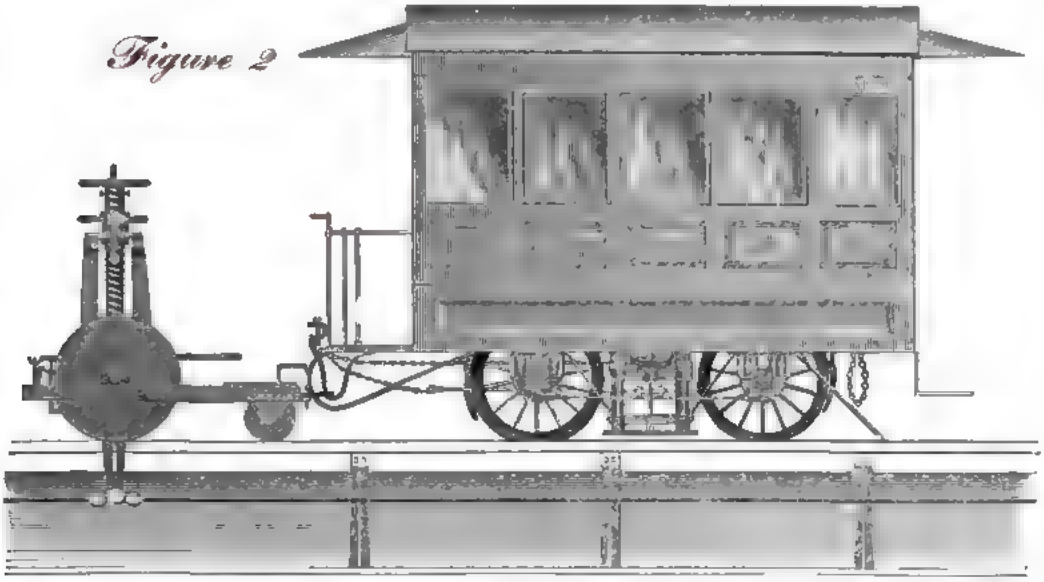
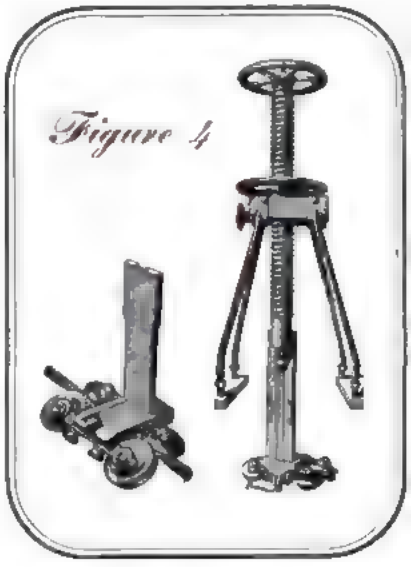


Figure 4



ALL DRAWINGS COURTESY BANCROFT LIBRARY

screw which passed through the hollow core of the first and served to clamp the grip on the wire rope or to release it—while in the early drawing there was a crank (presumably actuating a worm gear) in place of the lower wheel. In both cases the "business end" of the grip seems to have been about the same

In operation the grip *(Figure 4)* was lowered to grab the rope, and the wheel at the top turned to engage the four rollers against the rope; the entire shank supporting the assembly was then raised to the desired height (this being the position shown in all of the drawings). The car was now ready to go. To start it, the upper screw was given a final turn, which further drew up the wedge-shaped end of the slide in the shank, forcing together the grip jaws (which cannot be seen in the detail drawing, being underneath the top plate of the grip). The rollers did not themselves grip the wire, rubber mountings permitting them to spring back somewhat as the grip jaws engaged. The purpose of the rollers was to hold the rope when the jaws were backed off slightly, thus allowing the rope to run freely between the jaws of the grip while making it unnecessary to go through the entire process of picking up the rope again after each stop.

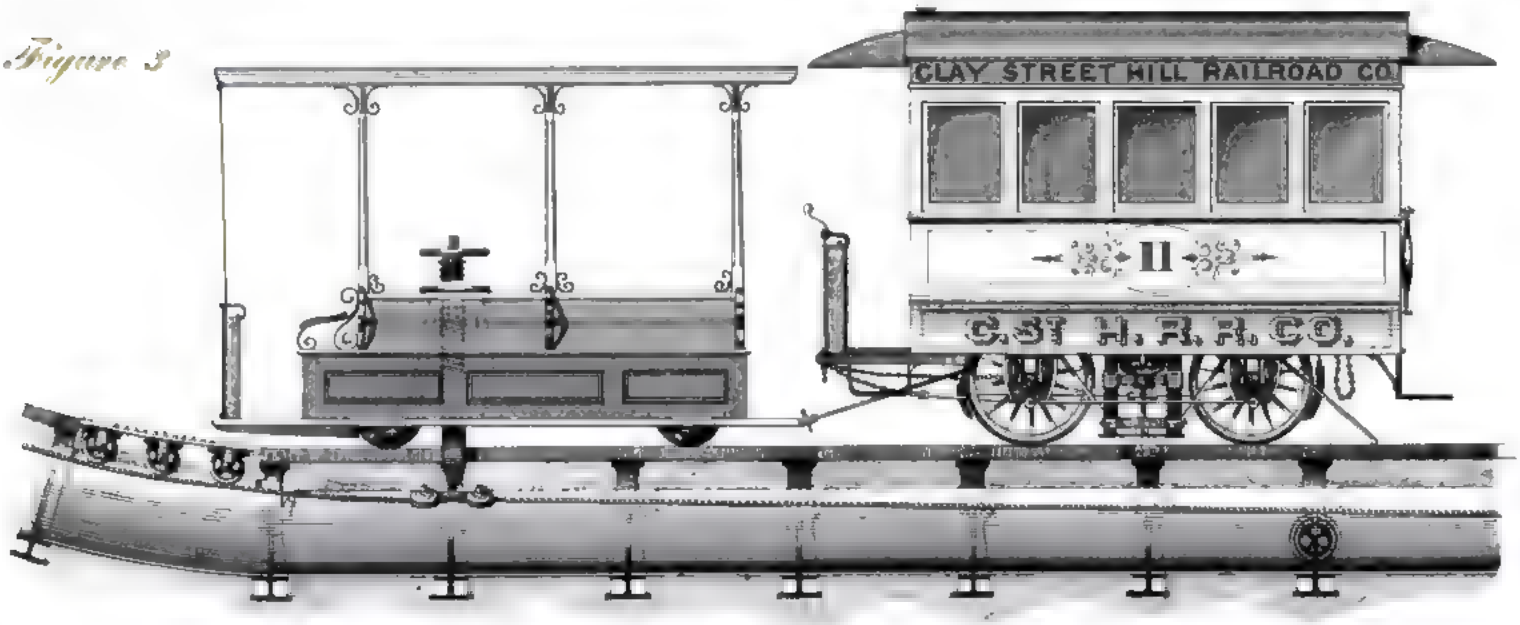
That is the basic process, and it worked well enough whatever differences there may have been between the original grip car and the perfected version which was in operation on the Clay Street hill before long. It is probable that the car shown in *Figure 1* is a representation of the dummy on which Hallidie, taking his life in his hands, plunged down Nob Hill on the first trial run early in the foggy morning of August 2, 1873; that *Figure 2* shows one of the pair of cars that hauled paying thrill-seekers and nervous commuters up and down the hill in September; and that the dummy shown in *Figure 3*—a duplicate of the type generally understood to be the *first*—appeared somewhat (though perhaps not much) later.

Subsequent improvements in the cable system of San Francisco have been marvelously ineffectual in destroying the pristine spirit of the contraption, which is probably why San Franciscans refuse to do without cable cars, no matter how unlikely they may be.

There are two good full-scale biographies of the development of the cable traction system: Edgar M. Kahn, *Cable Car Days in San Francisco* (Stanford, California, 1940), and Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, *Cable Car Carnival* (Oakland, 1951). These volumes do not duplicate each other, the Kahn book being strong on the precise development of the cable roads of San Francisco (particularly the California Street line), the Beebe volume being very well illustrated, more general in scope, and packed with exotic social detail. Oddly, neither book goes beyond a lively description of the "first run" in bringing to our attention the details of the initial contraption.

For technical description of the operation of the cable system as it exists today, Frank Parker, *Anatomy of the San Francisco Cable Car* (Stanford, California, 1946) is delightful and probably unsurpassable. The description of the operation of the Hallidie grip in this article is from a very complete account in *Mining and Scientific Press* (of San Francisco), September 27, 1873, and from a reprint (1881) of a later article in this journal. A full list of technical ephemera relevant to the cable system published by A. S. Hallidie will be found in the bibliography of Kahn's book.

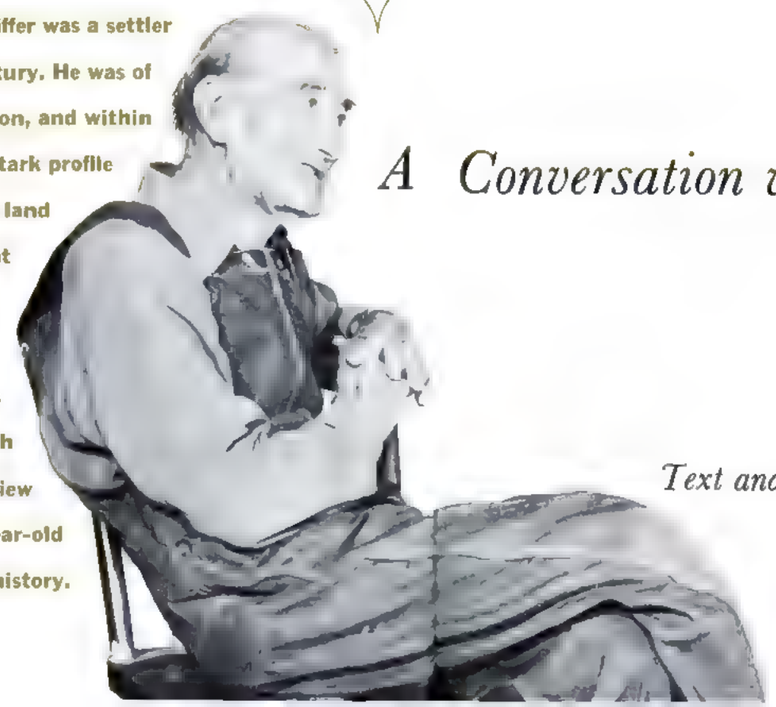
Figure 3



A Conversation with Joe Pfeiffer

Text and photographs by Philip W. Sultz

Before his death in the spring of 1964, Joe Pfeiffer was a settler in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, for more than half a century. He was of the first wave of settlement in this Rocky Mountain region, and within the lodgepole structures of his homestead, he became a stark profile of pioneer temperament and taste. Today much of the land remains as it was, and the living conditions to a significant degree prescribed the nature of the man. Joe embraced the specialty of his thoughts with a color of speech not commonly found in our day. Within the contours of his environment he established a rapport with the form and substance of his hillside. In this interview two years before his death, an eighty-four-year-old homesteader rekindles a chapter of American history.



Joe, why did you leave West Virginia?

Well, as I recall, I just figured factories wasn't my idea, so I hopped a freight the next day. I was just like every other kid who wanted to get away from home to see the Bowery and the Barbary Coast. So I pushed east. That's where this train was heading. I got a line on a train going to Jersey City. Met this fella along the way, but I lost him around Philly. On my way to Brooklyn I seen these kids swimming in the river. I remember that, and this pool where you could swim and get a suit for a nickel. In them days saloons usually had a boardinghouse, and I met this young actor there who seen I was a stranger and straightened me out about things I never thought of, or I think I would have been rolled the first night.

And that was just the beginning.

You know, I never had any plans for ranching. I learned from pickin' it up, like you'd learn geography from traveling. Before I come in here, I'd been rambling for about twelve years, and it was hard to stop. I worked for the other fella. There was always somebody wanted you. I raised enough hay to put me through the winter, get me enough grub and clothes. I used to keep myself poor that way.

Are there any times you especially recall as a boy in Wheeling [West Virginia]?

There's a few tales that stand out in my mind. Wintertime we kids used to sled down them steep river banks. Once in a while someone run into a team of horses coming up, get killed or busted loose. I think back to when I took the short end on that Corbett-Sullivan fight and won a wheelbarrow ride to the river. At that time I was carting tobacco stems down to the banks for a couple bucks a week. On Sundays the gang of us would swim out when the water was low to them riverboats with our white caps advertising Block Brothers tobacco. There'd always be more kids than work. There was this other firm outa' Chicago had fellas sniping all these stems for cheap tobacco. We'd throw 'em over the banks and these outfits would haul 'em away. They'd mix 'em with fig leaves. That was the supposition then. It was around the time when I seen McKinley before he became President, and they'd wear them plug hats.

Before you came down here you worked up in a mine near Butte. What kind of a deal was that?

I was always feeling fine. Hard work never hurt me. They didn't feed you no milk or mush. They'd have this run, and it'd be grab and reach for twenty-five cents, sorta collar-and-elbow style. You'd be sure of getting your meat and potatoes.

How about dessert?

You know, in them days no one ever thought of 'em.

What kind of traveling did you do to get down here?

I come in on a stage out of Montana. Some of them had leather springs wrapped around the drum. You'd wear a duster on them open stages, do ten miles a day. Two outfits I recall were Bryants Way and The Wylie. They were pretty comfortable.

Did you hear any stories about outlaws in Jackson Hole?

There wasn't any disorder. Any time you'd hear that sheriff couldn't get him, you'd hear of Jackson Hole. When you got in here it was just the opposite. When I was in Arizona Indian territory, twelve-year-old kids would carry guns. They'd hand 'em over at the livery stable before they'd go in to eat. At the boardinghouse in Idaho they talked about Jackson Hole. We'd listen to the talk about outlaws' hideouts. The damn fools were crazy. You couldn't live in these mountains, keep a horse or feed. An outlaw would have known better. An outlaw wouldn't come in country like this.

How long did it take you to build your place?

Come to think of it, I never finished it. Some fella told me I'd never finish it, and I never did.

Your cabin seems to be about the oldest around.

I guess it will go when I go. They'd often tear these places down and take the wood up to the schoolhouse.

When the Hole began to settle up, was there anything like a doctor in these parts?

Yes, there was. No matter who you was, you got in the hospital when he got a hold of it. He had about all the appendix that was in here. Some people never

had a nickel either way. I never had no occasion. He dressed up a finger for me once.

One night it was storming. I was up in this river dirt cabin. I was sleeping on the floor, and I hear somebody hollering to beat hell. I says, "For Christ sake tie up your horses and come in." After a bit I steered him up the Grovont [Gros Ventre]. He was just outa' Baltimore and grabbin' for business, and he turned out to be a good doctor.

How thick were the coyotes back in the old days?

Gosh, it got so I couldn't keep a cat. Coyotes then brought eighteen to twelve dollars a piece, but you had to be a good shot. One time I went out at night and all the next day, and I never got him. I had this one down to three legs. When you jump 'em and can't hit 'em, you're out of luck. A friend of mine named Carlson was real good at it. He could be from forty to eighty rods. But coyotes have gone out since the Kaiser. They used to ship all them furs to Europe, you know. Then we lost that market.

Did people here get together once in a while?

Well, there was this fella built a dance hall, and that was a fashion for a few years.

How do you get along with the Park Service?

There's a tall fella with little freckles. I think he's gone now. He was pretty nice. I never go over there and ask for favorites. They seem to like that.

There have been a few movies made in the Hole in the past dozen years. Have you had any dealings with the people involved?

Not much. They put this one movie in here, *Shane*, I think it was. I guess I was the only one never worked on it. They paid one fella forty dollars a day to keep the outwash flowing through the ditch. I'd like to have seen 'em stop it. They were interested in a couple of my wagons. They seemed to like 'em. I gave 'em both for twenty-five dollars. I couldn't use 'em anymore.

Do you still get yourself a little game?

No, my eyes ain't on it anymore. When I used to go for elk though, I'd hunt hard to get 'em in the neck so I wouldn't spoil the meat. I guess I hunted more like an Indian. I'd go up to the hills for a week and never shoot – just sneak around and wait. We used to have a glass and watch 'em. Nowadays you see all these fellas, and these elk are hamburger before they get 'em, cause they'll drag 'em when they're warm. Now if you wait overnight, you can slip 'em out real easy.

Do you have any thoughts on regulating nature, or do you prefer letting nature take its course?

You know, for a time we had no fan weeds at all. Now here comes cold weather, and fans are back. It naturally belongs in this country. It would come up quicker than grass.

Some years in the hills porcupine would kill so many trees, then they'd disappear. They were so thick they'd get in the house. They'd get salt hungry. You couldn't get 'em out. You'd leave the door open.

Are there many strangers like me poking around?

I remember a few years ago a fella drove in figuring no one was living here. He starts picking up some old wheels and things and loading 'em in his car. I went out to give him a hand. We got it loaded up, and he drove off.

The last time I was up here you had an eighty-fourth birthday. I think a ranger and his family stopped by to wish you well.

That was nice of 'em. They had a couple kids. I like kids. We get to be partners. I sent 'em out to the garden to pull their own carrots. They seem to like that.

I want to thank you for the jerky and the jar of elk. Would you mind giving us your meat-canning recipe?

No, I don't mind. You just take your elk and trim it. Then salt and jar it. You can forget the water, cause she'll make her own juice. You firm your tops down and back 'em up a quarter, and then get your kettle and rack your jars. Now you boil 'em without drowning 'em. Then after a time tighten up the lids and stack 'em in a cool place. When you open a jar, you can fry it, stew it, or make chili. Or you can do what you want with it.

Well, thank you, Joe. Coming up I noticed your vegetable garden. How's it doing?

It's doing fine. Years back when I was provin' up, the country was loaded down with sage grouse, and there was no holding 'em back. What I had to do was put in enough lettuce for the both of us.

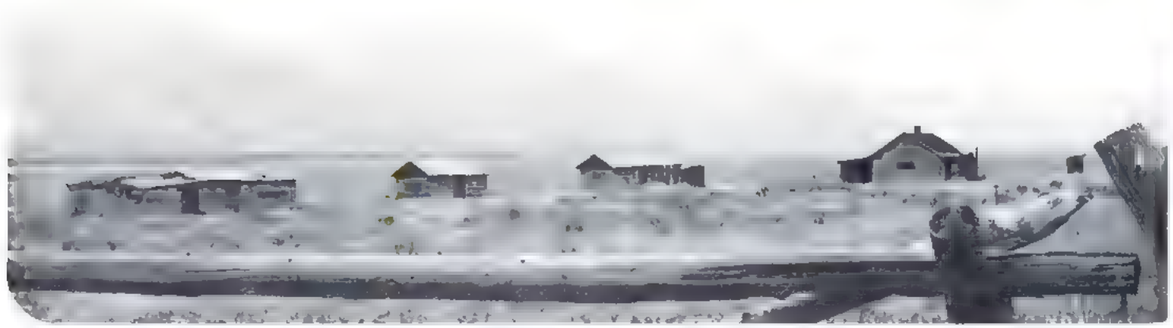
You know, the last time you were up, I figured you were batchin' it up at Barthy's. If I'd known you were married, I'd 'a given you some vegetables .

You know, if you take a handful of lettuce, crumble it up in a ball and put a little sugar on it, you'll find it tastes pretty much like an apple.

Well, Joe, I'll try it, and I want to get back to see you before the season is over with.

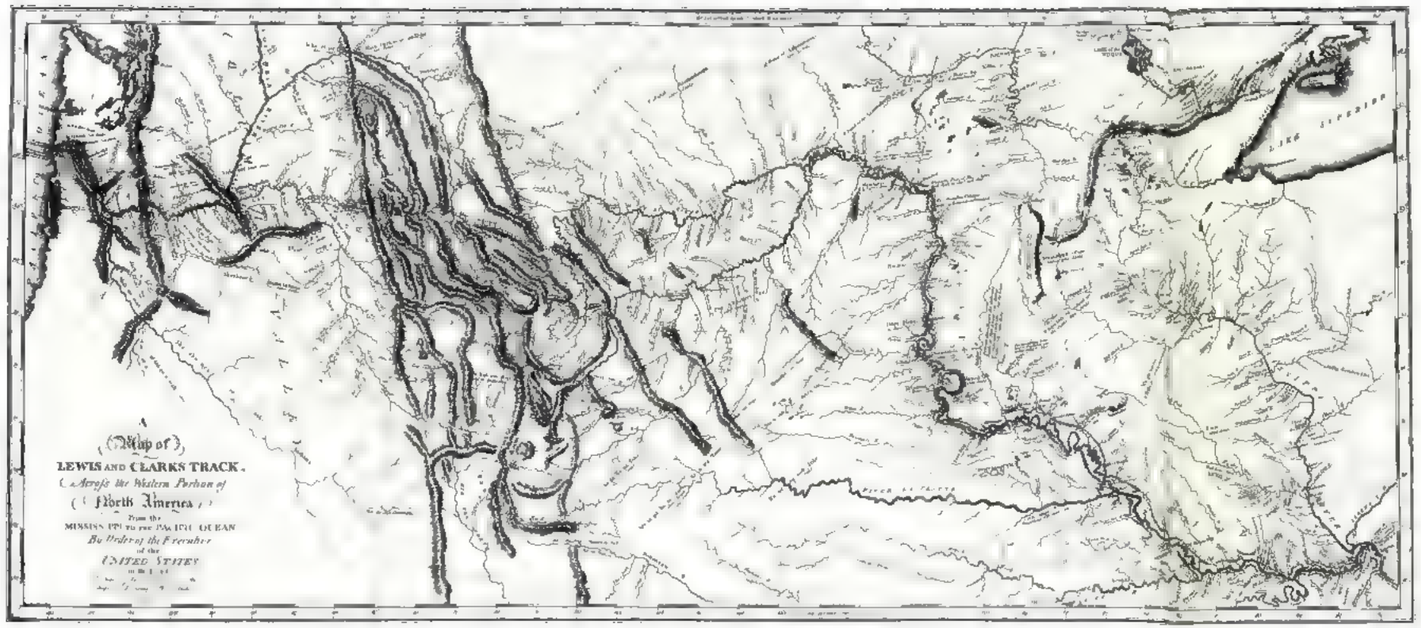
You do that.

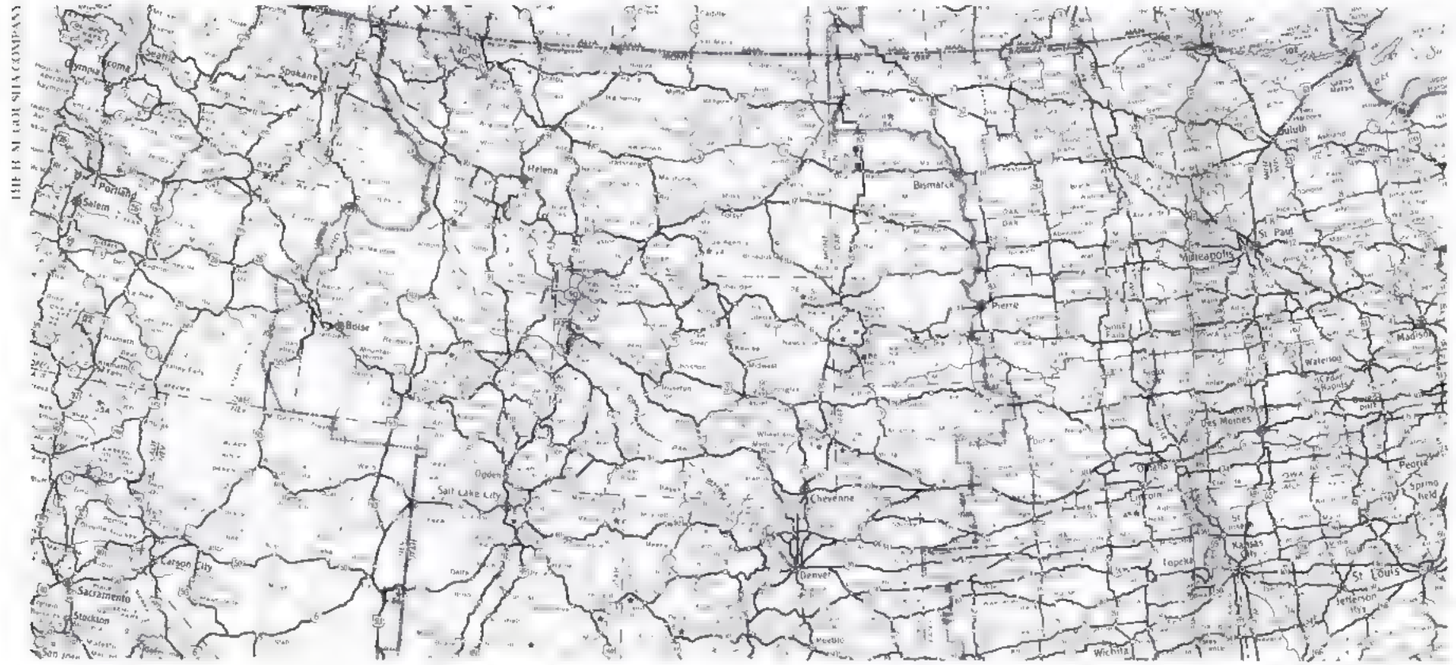
"I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely." HENRY THOREAU



Joe Pfeiffer's homestead with the Grand Tetons in the background.

Joe lived alone with his thoughts of a long and, to him, satisfying life.





"THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION HAD TO CONTEND WITH A TOTAL WILDERNESS, MUCH OF WHICH HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN OR TOUCHED BY WHITE MEN."

Since LEWIS AND CLARK

By Ted Yates

It was four in the afternoon and raining. An old man on the shore shouted three cheers. One rifle was discharged. The Lewis and Clark Expedition was on its way westward. This was in 1804. One hundred sixty years, four months, and eight days later, we made the same trip. It was raining, too, when we set out. But there was not even a cheer or a rifle shot. There was only the toneless voice from the airport loudspeaker announcing further flight delays.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition had been commissioned by President Thomas Jefferson to map and explore the western half of the American continent; to find a water passage to the Pacific if it existed; to pacify and befriend the Indian tribes, study the weather, minerals, animals, insects, and wildlife along the way; to maintain a daily and detailed journal of events, observations, and scientific recordings.

We were commissioned by the news department of the National Broadcasting Company to re-create this great expedition in authentic detail along the same route for a one-hour color film called *The Journals of Lewis and Clark*.

It is fair to say that both enterprises, theirs and ours, were by any rational analysis impossible – though for different reasons. It took Lewis and Clark twenty-eight months to make their trip from St. Louis up the Missouri River, along the edge of today's Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, through North and South Dakota, across Montana and Idaho, down the Columbia River between Washington and Oregon to the Pacific, and then to return, crossing the Rockies, exploring

"OUR CHALLENGE WAS CIVILIZATION. IN A CENTURY AND A HALF OF RELENTLESS CIVILIZING, THE COUNTRY SEEN BY LEWIS AND CLARK HAS VANISHED"

the Marias River to the north and the Yellowstone to the south. It took us two months, just for the westward trip. They used boats, boots, and horses. We used planes, chartered buses, jeeps, trucks, and helicopters.

A reluctant Congress appropriated $2,500 for their journey. N.B.C. put up fifty times that for our trip Both expeditions exceeded their budgets, and both expeditions had one death — theirs from a ruptured appendix, ours from the crash of a light plane herding antelopes for our cameras in Wyoming.

But the ultimate difference and challenge of these two parallel expeditions was the country. Lewis and Clark had to contend with a total wilderness, much of which had never been seen or touched by white men, a wilderness of undetermined size, awesome, dangerous, and inhabited by wild animals and primitive people. They had to fight a restless, violent, unpredictable Missouri River. They had to find their way across the bitter-cold Rocky Mountains and negotiate the great torrents of the Columbia River. To survive in this land, they had to live off it. They had to contend with suspicious, sometimes hostile, often curious Indian nations. Their challenge was the wilderness.

Our challenge was civilization. In a century and a half of relentless civilizing, the country seen by Lewis and Clark has vanished. It is gone. Their journals seem to be a myth, a romantic fiction, as one compares their observations to the land of today. It is as though they had traveled on another continent. So this was our problem: to find parts and pieces of the great and beautiful America they wrote of and explored. We followed the Missouri River west nearly two thousand miles before we came upon remnants of the land they saw.

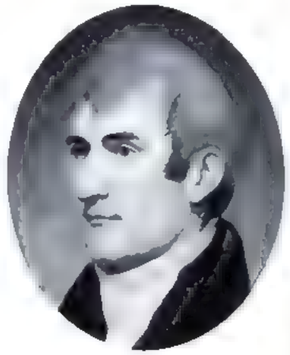
We had hoped to begin filming at Camp Woods near St. Louis. It was here that the expedition formed, trained, and prepared for the westward trip. It was here that a kind of frontier boot camp was conducted to drum discipline into the men who would cross the continent. Their campsite today is part of an oil refinery. For those curious enough to try to find the exact spot, it is marked by a steel mesh fence with a "No Trespassing" sign attached.

"The country about the mouth of the Missouri is pleasant, rich, and partially settled," say the Journals. This image has changed. Junk, wires, litter, and the general devastation of undisciplined growth and reckless use of the land has changed that part of the country for a thousand miles.

The river, too, has changed. It is corseted, dammed, and polluted, a kind of superbly engineered sewer. Its banks, according to Lewis and Clark, abounded with deer. Today they abound with the conglomerated mess of old tires, junked cars, beer cans, shacks, industrial waste, and other artifacts common to almost every important river in America.

As Lewis described it:

This immence river so far as we have yet ascended, waters one



Meriwether Lewis

PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE

of the fairest portions of the globe, nor do I believe that there is in the universe a similar extent of country, equally fertile, well watered, and intersected by such a number of navigable streams . . . game is very abundant and seems to increase as we progress. On the lower portion of the Missouri from its junction with the Mississippi to the entrance of the Osage River we met with some deer, bear, turkies. From thence to the Kancz [Kansas River at Kansas City] the deer were more abundant, a great number of black bear, some turkies, geese, swan and ducks. From thence to the mouth of the great River Platte an immence quantity of deer, some bear, elk, turkies, geese and swan.

Beyond this, into the prairies, he saw

scenery, already richly pleasing and beautiful . . . still further heightened by the immence herds of buffalo, deer, elk and antelope which we see in every direction.

Well, this is gone. The rich soil, which Lewis noted was in places twenty feet deep, has been depleted or else eroded into wasteland. In every direction one sees road signs and high-tension wires. Although some of the large farms are wonders of agricultural craftsmanship, science, and sometimes beauty, many are not. And the small towns and cities are for the most part architectural nightmares of neon-lit trash. They stand like scabs on the prairies.

Our film remained unexposed until we reached North Dakota. There, at last, we began to find bits and pieces of the America many of us think still exists. But even halfway across the continent along this famous trail, it still required guile and careful angles to crop out the ugliness which exists because of "grass-root"

William Clark

PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE

indifference. There is no law that requires we desecrate America, but to the observer it appears that this destruction is a social mandate enforced to the fullest. How else, why else could we have done this damage?

It seems that we in our short history have at times confused vandalism with progress, wanton waste with riches. We have not used our resources, we have looted them.

Unfortunately as people grow up in this environment of ugliness and waste, a culture of indifference is created. The strip mines that so offend my eye and intellect go unnoticed to many of the residents of southern Pennsylvania and Ohio. The slag and scars have become a part of their life, just as the city dump smouldering on the prairie outside Helena, Montana, has become an accepted part of that city. Smog is now taken for granted in the beautiful mountain town of Missoula, Montana. The contamination of the paper mill at Lewiston. Idaho (ironically named in honor of Meriwether Lewis), is a way of life there. Its economic hold on the city throttles any protest that it is ugly and polluting water and air. And so a conspiracy becomes a culture.

Besides being just plain hideous, these many travesties on our land have demolished our heritage. Nowhere was this more evident and perplexing than along the Lewis and Clark route. Seeking authentic landmarks, still beautiful enough to film, was a depressing quest. Council Bluffs, where Lewis and Clark held their first conference with Indians and described by them as "a handsom prarie," is slashed by a road and webbed with wires.

The bluff on which Sergeant Charles Floyd died has had a typical evolution. The river washed away the original grave, but the remaining bones were reburied nearby. In 1867 a railroad excavation covered the grave. The bones were dug out again in 1895 and reburied away from the railroad. Finally in 1900 a one hundred foot obelisk was placed over the grave of Sergeant Floyd, the first United States soldier to die west of the Mississippi.

Calumet Bluff, several miles above Yanktown, South Dakota, is where the expedition met the Sioux. Clark reported in his journal, "We came to below the Calumet Bluff and formed a camp in a beautiful plain near the foot of the high land." Today the famous bluff is the anchor for the Gavins Point Dam.

The mouth of the Bad River across the Missouri from Pierre, South Dakota, where the expedition had its first council with the Teton Sioux, is now a seedy river bank with some run-down houses and a collection of rusting bedsprings lying around. The Arikara Indian Village sites at the mouth of the Grand River have been submerged by the Oaha Dam. Beyond Bismarck, North Dakota, the river vanishes again under the waters of the Garrison Dam. The Fort Peck Dam in Montana drowns a hundred more miles of the Missouri.

The Great Falls of the Missouri, when seen by Lewis, prompted him to write, "I wish I might be able to give to the world some just idea of this truly magnificent and sublimely grand object, which has from the com-

mencement of time been concealed from the view of civilized man." We had also wished to give the world some just idea of this sublimely grand object; but the sublimely grand object had vanished in a maze of hydroelectric dams, wires, and technology. Progress has concealed it from civilized man, I fear, for all time to come. We arranged with the Montana Power Company to put some water over one of the falls for us, and, by using careful camera angles, we made four shots which gave some idea of how they might once have looked. But these great falls, as much a landmark as Niagara, are gone.

There remains, in all, only about two hundred miles of Missouri River as it was when Lewis and Clark explored it. By some freak, much of this stretch is the most beautiful part of the original river. It lies between the end of the Fork Peck Dam Reservoir and Fort Benton. Somehow this part of the river has, until now, escaped the onslaught of civilization. It is called the country of the "white rocks," and has prompted every traveler to describe it. Lewis wrote pages, all lyric:

The hills and river cliffs we passed today exhibit the most romantic appearance. The bluffs of the river rise to the height of from 200 to 300 feet, in most cases nearly perpendicular. The water in the course of time has trickled down the soft sand cliffs and worn them into a thousand grotesque figures, which with the help of a little imagination represents elegant ranges of lofty freestone buildings . . . some almost entire with their pedestals and capitals. As we passed on it seemed as if those scenes of visionary enchantment would never have an end.

They should not have an end, but they probably soon will. Although the National Park Service has proposed that this one-hundred-eighty-mile stretch of river be established in its wild beauty as the Lewis and Clark National Wilderness Waterway (in this reach of river there exist thirty historical sites, not to mention the archeological wonders), the Corps of Engineers has eight dams (Fort Benton, Virgelle, Lliad, High Crow Creek, Low Crow Creek, Heller Bend, High Rocky Point, Low Rocky Point) in their reservoir project studies for the area. At least we arrived before the dam builders and found America unwounded. Therefore, it was here that we filmed for two weeks. It was two weeks to remember. It was a cavalcade of misadventure, somewhat like a Mack Sennett comedy. Unlike Lewis and Clark's Corps of Northwestern Discovery, we did not have forty-three seasoned and expert rivermen, hunters, woodsmen. We had their problems, though, without the benefit of their experience.

Fort Benton, Montana, was to our expedition what Camp Woods was to the Lewis and Clark Expedition. It was here that we assembled for our river trip, developed discipline and coordination. Fort Benton is in its own right a historic town. It was here that the adventurous steamboatmen of the Missouri in the 1870's ended their trip. The levee, old stores, the Grand Union Hotel still stand, preserved and enjoyed by the citizens, as are the adobe walls of the old fort. Fort Benton has a conscience for history that is admirable. The town is also pretty, clean, and uncluttered. It is an exception to the rule. Here our crew of cameramen, assistant cameramen, technicians, production manager, associate producer, and producer settled in with cameras, wires, props, costumes, and a production schedule that would have made C. B. DeMille blanch.

Michael Kennedy, director of the Montana Historical Society in Helena, had obtained permission for us to use the replica of the Lewis and Clark keelboat which stood as part of a historical display in back of the Capitol. This craft was about sixty feet long, ten feet wide. It had a forty-foot mast, booms and spars and rigging, an enormous steering tiller, oars, and poles. It weighed ten tons and had to be moved one hundred miles over mountain roads from Helena to Fort Benton. But the principal problem with the keelboat was the fact that it did not float.

After some discussion with Mike Kennedy, we decided that the only way to make it seaworthy was to pack the hull with Styrofoam, a highly bouyant plastic. This done, the Montana Highway Department winched and derricked the craft onto one of their enormous trucks and moved it across the mountains and around the hairpin turns. The only hitch was that they also dropped the boat when they unloaded it at Fort Benton, cracking it in half.

Our principal genius at Fort Benton was Bob Leinert, who ran the local Ford garage. Like many western men, he was able to do almost anything from fixing a tractor axle to rigging a keelboat. He was our officer in charge of the Fort Benton fleet. And it was fast becoming a fleet. Besides working on the cracked keelboat, Bob had set to work making replicas of the two pirrogues and six dugout canoes. These were being built by a local house carpenter. The pirrogues resembled perfectly those used by Lewis and Clark. They were long, sleek, with oars and sails. However, their basic construction was such that they were totally unmanageable in the water. They rode too high and the slightest breeze skated them across the surface. The oars were made of plywood and were hollow with the result that they filled with water and were so heavy that King Kong himself could not have moved them.

As Fort Benton struggled with its new boat-building industry, we were off trying to find all those buffalo Lewis and Clark wrote of. "I do not think I exaggerate when I estimate the number of buffalo which could be comprehended at one view to be 3,000," noted Lewis in his journal September 17, 1804. Well, times have changed. When Lewis crossed the continent, there were estimated to be nearly sixty million buffalo roaming the prairies from Texas to Canada. Less than a century later, there were no more than ten thousand left on the American continent. Finding three thousand buffalo roaming wild and free, intermingled with antelope and prairie dogs, that could be shot and killed with musket was a hard order in 1964.

But the demand for just this produced one of the authentic wonders of the modern West. The B-B Buffalo Ranch between Gillette and Casper, Wyoming, has nearly sixty thousand acres of open range. It is free of wires, roads, rusting implements and is a grazing land for three thousand buffalo and a thousand antelope. This astonishing enterprise is owned and operated by Bud Basolo, a third-generation Italian immigrant, who is resourceful, tough, daring, patient beyond belief, and a perfectionist. He had wondered why, if buffalo had fed our western migration, they could not feed people now. He further reasoned that being wild animals they might survive better and easier on the prairies than high-bred, accident-prone stock.

So Bud went into the buffalo business. He slowly built a herd of nearly three thousand. He learned how to handle the animals. He developed a market for their meat (delicious), hide (strong), fur (beautiful). Because buffalo like it wild, his ranch is one of the great game sanctuaries in Wyoming. Rabbits, deer, antelope, fox, prairie dogs, eagles, coyotes — all the prairie animals are there. Here, like a bee in amber, survives the great gone West.

We explained to Bud that we wanted "lots" of buffalo in different kinds of country, swimming rivers, grazing, stampeding, and being shot down in front of the camera by hunters in buckskin armed with muskets. Using trucks and airplanes, Bud organized his herds for our cameras.

Meanwhile, in Fort Benton, Bob Leinert had repaired the cracked keelboat by chaining two telegraph poles to its bottom. This held the boat together, but did not improve its handiness under way. It lay heavy and low in the water, a waterlogged scow. We recruited our boat crews from the street-corner idlers, curious citizens, dirt farmers, cow punchers, drifters, and any one else available, and set sail down the Missouri River to our first location. It was a ragged voyage. It took eight hours to go five miles — downstream. We were helped along by a swarm of outboard motorboats, which tugged our sluggish craft off sandbars, pointed it around bends. We were billed for $500 in outboard propellers after a week working with our keelboat.

Our conscripted crew of rivermen, game though they were, lacked the discipline and experience required to maneuver our lame-duck craft down rapids and through twisting channels in the formidable and torrential Missouri current. One thing that has not changed since Lewis and Clark's trip is the orneriness of that river.

The difficulties which oppose themselves to the navigation of this immence river arise from the rapidity of its current, its falling banks, sandbars and timber which remains wholly or partially concealed in its bed. To these we may also add a fifth and not much less inconsiderable difficulty, the turbid quality of the water which renders it impracticable to discover any obstruction, even to the depth of a single inch. Such is the velocity of the current at all seasons of the year . . . that it is impossible to resist its force by means of oars and poles in the main channel of the river.

Meriwether Lewis described our contemporary dilemma perfectly, but for one major change and complication.

Today the Missouri River is turned on and off like a spigot. The dams along the river block, hoard, and control the river flow down to gallons and inches. The result is that one hour the river is wide and running. The next hour the power generators at the dam upstream shut down, the river becomes a trickle with miles of mud flats and shoals glistening under the Montana sky. We had to schedule our filming with the Montana Power Company to be sure we would have a river. At that we had to call them up several times and plead for more river. They were most cooperative and gave us the feeling of having a direct line to God.

In the midst of our shake-down cruise, my associate producer, Bob Rogers, still gaunt and shaky from our filming the month before in Vietnam, was hunting for Indians. Like the buffalo, they, too, are hard to find. We had expected to have fifty tipis and several hundred Blackfeet Indians on our location, but at the last minute they decided to double the price previously agreed upon; and at collective bargaining with Indians, we felt our expertise stopped short.

History has noted several great Indian leaders—Tecumseh, Pontiac, Chief Joseph, Sitting Bull—and I would like to add my twentieth-century candidate to the list: Paul Eagleman, a chief of the Rocky Boy Tribe. Paul Eagleman, singlehandedly, contradicts every negative cliché about Indians. He is bright, handsome, clean, honorable, industrious, sober; and it was he who rescued us from the Blackfeet. He mobilized his tribe. In old cars and pickup trucks they came with their tipi poles, lodges, headdresses, horses, dogs, squaws, and jerky. As our rickety armada of keelboat, pirrogues, and canoes rounded the bend, there on a vast prairie stood an Indian camp, rows of tipis, feathers flying from the lodge poles, smoke from campfires, spotted ponies grazing, squaws in buckskin dresses making jerky. There was no trace of the twentieth century. Behind the camp rose wild and rugged river breaks. Before them a great sweep of the Missouri.

But then, of course, came the terrible week of rain and cold and wind. The Indians finally had to go home and to work as truck drivers and hay hands, as postal clerks and ranchers. The Montana Power Company complained that we were using up too much of the Missouri. The keelboat was coming apart from being winched across sandbars. One truck had a broken axle. One man a broken jaw. Another man's hand had been nearly cut off by a winch rope. We were falling behind schedule, yet there was still a major scene to shoot: the angry confrontation between the Lewis and Clark Expedition and the Teton Sioux as it happened at the mouth of the Bad River

When the sun finally reappeared, Paul Eagleman rallied his tribe and produced the village again and we made our shots, vivid and real. We made shots of cordelling (pulling by ropes) the keelboat upstream, and shots of the men poling the heavy scow. We worked the boat for the camera for two long and exhausting days, with winches and tractors. The keelboat was then hauled ashore and placed on display in a park at Fort Benton, one hundred yards from the river, precisely where it belongs.

Next, we set off down the river through the Castle Rock country, the last stretch of the Missouri River unspoiled. We floated in our dugouts and leaking pirrogues loaded with cameras and bed rolls, buffalo robes, and equipment. There were a dozen volunteers with us to man the boats. Arthur White, our unit manager, flew over us each day to air-drop supplies. Here was the real Missouri, a part of America that should be preserved whatever the cost—though there seems little possibility of preventing it from being dammed up and submerged.

Besides the boats, we had collected quite an inventory of authentic Lewis and Clark equipment. We had Harpers Ferry rifles, glauber salt, a sextant, an air gun, instruments for bleeding the sick, trade goods, carrots of tobacco, swivel guns, knives, beads, fishing hooks, powder and shot, whisky, buckskins, moccasins, a flag with eight red stripes, seven white stripes, and fifteen stars, military uniforms of the day, mapping equipment and a slave and a dog. William Clark had taken his personal slave York, a Negro giant, along with him on the trip. York was strong and highly favored among the Indian tribes, particularly with the women.

Our York was Tom Page, a highly accomplished film technician, as well as a handsome Negro who fortunately had a great sense of humor and patience even when refused a meal at Great Falls, Montana. Besides playing the slave, he had at one point to dress in a grizzly bear costume and fall, as though shot, into the Missouri River. His death was convincing. When we resurrected him, we found that the wet bear outfit had sunk him to the bottom and that he nearly *had* drowned.

The dog was a different matter. Lewis had taken a pet Newfoundland named Scannon along with him on the trip. Our Scannon, like Lewis's, was black and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. But ours did not like water, was afraid of boats, despised walking, terrified horses, got car sick, had ear mites, bad breath, and gas. He also made a habit of drinking all toilet bowls dry, and if still thirsty, licking the nearest face indicating that he wanted you to go flush the toilet so he could have more to drink. He was of such size that we worried he would be mistaken for a bear during our filming in the Bitterroot Mountains and, therefore, had to put a red sweater on him to keep the eager hunters from bagging a Newfoundland by mistake. We had him insured for $5,000 just in case. Despite his finicky temperament and fancy pedigree, we treated him like a dog anyway. He was shoved into rivers, ridden in canoes, walked across mountains and prairies and he hated all of it. He was civilized; this was not his way.

The process of improvising an America and an expedition of a century and a half ago moved us onward, westward. The Gates of the Mountains near Helena, Montana, remain as spectacular today as when the expedition came through. Lewis wrote, "this evening we entered much the most remarkable cliffs we have yet seen. These cliffs rise from the water's edge on either side perpendicularly to the height of about 1,200 feet . . . the river appears to have forced its way through this immence body of solid rock." Dams at each end of the gorge today have filled it into a vast lake. But still the cliffs can be seen, and the camera was able to take some of the grandeur of this great natural wonder.

The Three Forks, perhaps the most important and historic point on the upper Missouri River, was a photographic challenge. This was the beginning of the Missouri River. Here the Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson rivers (all named by Lewis and Clark) come together to form the great Missouri. It was here, later, that the fur traders came and here that the great and bloody battles with the Blackfeet Indians raged. Two of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, John Colter and George Drouillard, later returned here. The Indians nearly killed Colter, who escaped by running barefoot across a plain of cactus, diving into the river, and then trudging naked and unarmed back to a trading post on the Big Horn River. Drouillard was not so lucky. His bones remain in the river bottom. And here, overlooking the great valley sweeping toward the mountains, Lewis wrote one of his few worried journal entries.

> I command a most perfect view of the neighboring country. We are now several hundred miles within the bosom of this wild and mountainous country, not knowing how far these mountains continue, or where to direct our course to pass them. We begin to feel considerable anxiety with respect to the Shoshone Indians. If we do not find them, or some nation who have horses, I fear the successful issue of our voyage will be very doubtful. However, I still hope for the best.

We filmed from this same promontory. The great valley is still there. But, of course, there are the inevitable phone lines, roads, factory smoke, and the railroad gashes along the river's edge. With the judicious placing of juniper, we were able to mask out the signs of civilization and capture the raw beauty of that country.

The Clark Canyon Dam has submerged a number of important Lewis and Clark sites beyond the Three Forks, including Camp Fortunate, the meeting place with Chief Cameahwait of the much-sought Shoshone Indians. Lemhi Pass, on the Continental Divide, commands a view of one hundred miles of prairie and mountains still unspoiled. There is an ugly fence down the ridge of the divide and high tension wires follow the old Indian trail. Prospectors have gouged the sides and tops of all the hills in sight with bulldozers, seeking ore samples. But we overlooked these small scars and remained thankful that there was no factory belching smoke on the saddle of the pass.

The Bitterroot Valley is beautiful because of the vast

cordillera of the Rockies, which cannot be moved. The Bitterroot Mountains, "the most terrible mountains I ever beheld," according to Clark, remain wild, menacing and difficult to get to. For nine days, Lewis and Clark had struggled across the Lolo Indian trail over these mountains. The Lolo Trail is still there and is protected by the Park Service. But it is hard to photograph. "Scientific" as the logging operations are, they scar the country for miles around with their bulldozed roads zigzagging up and around every mountain. The great shorn patches of country where the timber has been barbered off are hard to ignore or admire. We are consoled by the fact that this logging is controlled and will keep forests productive, trees plentiful. But esthetically, it remains an atrocity.

After battling blizzards and starvation for nine days, Lewis and Clark crossed the Bitterroot Mountain range, following as best they could the Nez Perce buffalo trail. Sergeant Ordway wrote into his journal,

> The men are becoming lean and debilitated on account of the scarcity and the poor quality of the provisions on which we subsist. Our horses feet have also become sore. We have however some hopes of getting soon out of this terrible mountain desert, as we have discovered the appearance of a valley or a level part of the country about forty miles ahead.

So it was that they came down out of the mountains. We spent only two days in the Bitterroots. We had fifty head of horses. The riders, and the cold snowy weather we needed, failed to appear. Instead it was summery. Two days later snow hit. We were a hundred miles away, but we doubled back, and with the help of the Powell Ranger Station managed to get a few horses up to Indian Post Office to film in howling wind, wet snow — the way it was when Lewis and Clark crossed.

On the Idaho side of the Bitterroot Rockies, the expedition came out onto Weippe Prairie. This is what Sergeant Ordway had seen. It is a beautiful prairie — still. Here the explorers met the Nez Perce, or "pierced noses." The Indians were friendly and helpful. They fed the starved explorers and showed them their beautiful Appaloosa horses. With the help of modern Nez Perce we reenacted the meeting. Our Indians had some trouble setting up their tipis; only one old squaw remembered how to pitch them. Nonetheless, the Indians were beautiful astride their spotted ponies. Our only problem that day was the Notre Dame football game and it was difficult to get the Indians away from their car radios and onto their ponies.

Near Orofino, Idaho, we felled trees and illustrated how the Indians taught the explorers the trick of burning out dugout canoes, and then we started, as they did, for the Pacific. After shooting rapids in the Clearwater, we came to Lewiston, Idaho. And starting here, with the putrid paper mill, the great Snake and Columbia rivers virtually cease to exist, just as the Missouri has ceased to exist from St. Louis to the Dakotas. The great dams and power plants, factories and industries have obliterated the natural wonders chronicled by Lewis and Clark. Today, even the salmon have trouble finding their way. The Celilo rapids and falls of the Dalles are gone, victims of hydroelectric progress. Much of the Columbia today is polluted, but then so are the Hudson, Mississippi, Missouri, and Colorado, the Potomac which washes the shores of the Capitol and its dreams of a Great Society.

The downstream journey was for Lewis and Clark anticlimactic. They lived on fish and dog meat. The weather was damp and foggy. The men were tired. And so it was with us.

The Columbia was impossible to photograph most of the way. Its technology, its wires and signs and roads and motels and picnic sites and highways and barges and locks and docks, defied our best efforts to film the wild and awesome river that the explorers wrote about.

When, at last, we arrived at Astoria and filmed the great Pacific, we shared the sense of anticlimax expressed in the Journals. Clark put it bluntly: "I landed and formed a camp on the highest spot I could find. This I could plainly see would be the extent of our journey by water."

Standing there in the Pacific fog, it was clear to us all that Lewis and Clark had done the impossible. We also felt that we had, to a degree, done the impossible. We had reconstructed America to look the way many of us dream it looks. But despite our success, we all felt a great sadness because in a way we had added to the delusion and helped to sustain the myth that America is, from sea to shining sea, a spectacle of beauty, of love and care, instead of a debacle of neglect and abuse.

A Cowboy Writes to Owen Wister

"Reading them chapters fetched me west, aheading straight for Wyoming"

BY NEAL LAMBERT

On a spring day in 1931, a jubilant Colorado cowboy came out of the Cañon City post office with a letter from Owen Wister in his hand. A quarter of a century earlier this same cowboy had been an easterner reading and enjoying chapters of *The Virginian* in *Harper's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Now, largely because of those chapters, Harry F. Bowen was a westerner with his own ranch and his own herd of cattle. After twenty-five years of reading and rereading *The Virginian*, he had finally written a letter of appreciation to Wister, and now in his own hands Bowen held a reply from the man whose stories had led him west so many years before. "Your surprise letter came several days ago," he wrote back to Wister, "and no letter you ever wrote fetched more happiness to anyone before." It is Bowen's remarkable first letter, the one that elicited Wister's "surprise" response, that appears here.

We do not have Wister's reply, but it is easy to imagine why he decided to answer Bowen's long-delayed letter. In the first place, that letter must have brought back many memories to the famous author. Bowen's mention of his first acquaintance with the Virginian, for instance, might well have reminded Wister of his struggle to shape the separate incidents of previously conceived stories into a successful novel: adding and expanding, changing and relating, trying to avoid the disjointedness from which the earlier *Lin McLean* had suffered. Bowen's mention of the play also might well have reminded Wister of his struggling almost to the point of exhaustion in an effort to make *The Virginian* as successful on the stage as it had been in the book store: negotiating with one producer after another, rejecting one performer after another, writing music, revising script, and finally bringing out a play that ran four months in New York and eight years on the road.

But more than a memory piece, Bowen's letter is good enough in and of itself to have elicited a response from the famous eastern author. For instance, the strength and unashamed honesty of the cowboy's remarkable style make the letter a delight to read. Other westerners wrote letters to Wister, but too often they allowed formality to emasculate what might have been good, vigorous western prose. Indeed, as he read the cowboy's letter of simple appreciation, Wister could

well agree that, in its own way, it was as good as anything he himself had ever written.

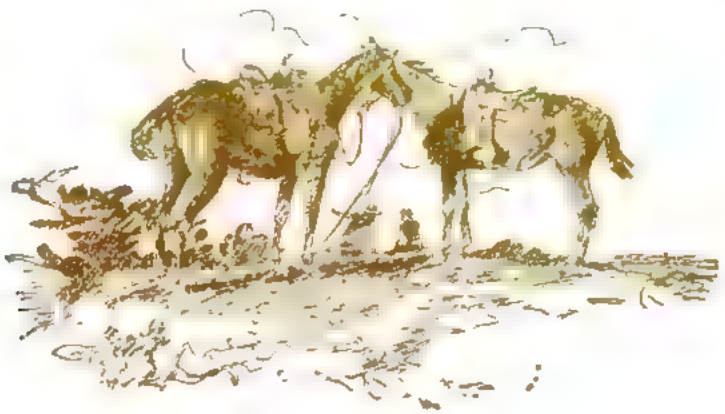
But the letter has a greater significance than its ability to amuse us. In the first place, this letter reflects the general enthusiasm with which *The Virginian* as a novel and later as a stage play was received in the West among those who knew what "A Horseman of the Plains" was really like. Some critics have deprecated Wister's book because it was not "authentic," because there were not enough cows per cowboy. But if there were lapses of authenticity in the book, such lapses did not seem to matter very much to westerners such as Harry F. Bowen. He found that his commitment to *The Virginian* was entirely compatible with his own experience as a cowboy and that there was more to the cowboy experience than cow dung and cattle drives.

Implicit in Bowen's letter and Wister's stories is the understanding that there are, after all, certain fundamental meanings to western life with significance far transcending the low comedy of Alkili Ike or the melodrama of Bret Harte. The West, to the narrator of *The Virginian* is a place of "primal earth" where "elk and deer . . . [and] cattle" are "proper companions," where leaving behind "all noise and mechanisms," he could feel that the ancient earth was indeed his mother and that he had "found her again after being lost among houses, customs, and restraints." In Bowen's description of a winter evening in his cabin, one finds this same feeling that the uncoerced, self-reliant existence of the cowboy is better than "civilized" life. It is in this natural frontier existence that the author of *The Virginian* seemed to find a way of life that was more true to the fundamental nature of man, a kind of religion that transcended the creed of any sect and a kind of law that transcended the letter of any statute.

Implicit also in the author's stories and the cowboy's letter is the understanding that the West is as much a place in our imaginations as on our maps, that both myth and reality are legitimate and important elements of this West, and that the difference between the so-called real West and the imaginary West is not always so clear as some might suppose. Thus, to Bowen, the imaginary West of *The Virginian* was so real that the sight of "cottonwoods and the smell of sage in the rain" on a real Idaho ranch were enough to signify the place where the Virginian had to hang Steve and Ed. And this same understanding about the myth and reality of the West prevented Bowen from going to the real Wyoming, for "it might not be as perfect as you fixed it in your books. . . . And I wouldn't want it to be different than it is in my mind." Indeed, Wister did "fix" the West for Bowen and for us, but not necessarily in the sense that he changed it or dressed it up. What he did in his western writing was to fuse certain concepts important in American thought, certain concrete experiences peculiar to the West, and certain human emotions common to us all into an image of the West, and Harry Bowen responded wholeheartedly to that image.

More sophisticated critics such as Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Harding Davis, and Henry James who wrote to Wister may have discerned much that is important about *The Virginian*, but none of them came any closer to understanding the essence of Wister's work than did this cowboy from Colorado.

The letter of Harry F. Bowen to Owen Wister is in the Owen Wister Papers now deposited in the Library of Congress. In publishing it here, the original punctuation and spelling are preserved as nearly as possible.



Oak Creek Ranch,

Canon City, Colorado

Mr. Owen Wister,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Wister; --

I have been twenty five years writing you this letter and it never got finished yet. Started it years ago back east when as a youngster I read chapters of the Virginian in the Saturday Evening Post before you rounded them up and corralled them in a book.

Reading them chapters fetched me west, aheading straight for Wyoming which I never reached, altho I've been in every other western state in all these years. Begun a letter to you one night in a bunk house on Lost River in Idaho in 1905 but she didn8t get finished or mailed somehow. The next year I saw Dustin Farnum play the Virginian in Denver and you know how good that was, but not as good as the book. I felt mighty good towards you and the whole world that night after I left the theatre and started walking down Seventeenth Street, steering for pen and ink to thank you for writing your books. Well Sir there was lots of swinging doors on Seventeenth them days and as you would have put it "the liquor flowed faster than my ink", and you wasn't bothered.

then I got in the cattle business and got rich enough to think you'd enjoy hearing from me but I didn't write. the slump come after the war, profits came up missing and there wasn't nothing left in the cattle business but romance and one day my banker removed that. I got a little bunch of sheep and then you was safe for I knew you didn't want no news from a sheepherder.

Well here is good news Mr. Wister; I am back in the Cattle business again. Me and Mandy own this ranch in Boneyard Park on Oak Creek and got a fine bunch of cattle and the banker and me are enemies again. (excuse me for copying.) Mandy says my motto seems to be More and Bigger Mortgages, but then you know that mortgages and cattle belong together just like a boy and a dog or a nigger and a mule. So I have got my self respect back and read the Virginian at least twice a year. The only years I didn't read it was them two years with sheep when I couldn't seem to get my hands clean enough of wool grease to pick up one of your books. So now this time I promise that Uncle Sam is agoing to earn his two cents bringing this letter back to your address in Philadelphia as I got it out of the Who Book in the library in Canon last summer.

Last fall we took the school marm to room and board. I made her read the Virginian the first two nights She was with us. She liked it and with me boosting it as always, a idea struck her and she and me decided to put it on as a play over at the Boneyard School House. About half the folks in the Park were in the play and the other half saw us do it. I took the part of Ed, Steve's partner, and I guess I acted pretty good for when they hung me they encored so hard they hung me three more times during the evening. Everybody said my twitchings while hanging was so life like.

The teacher went down to Canon City for thanksgiving and got snowed out and never got back. School was dismissed till spring. She left typewriter and a lot of paper with us. I spent hours and nights with the typewriter and finally gentled it (excuse me again) so now it pert near knows how to spell. And I'll bet if you'd look in on us tonight you'd tally us up as contented. Its cold out doors tonight, 35 below, bright stars like silver and mighty still except when a tree pops with the cold and cracks like a rifle shot. Inside our log house, which I built myself mostly, its warm with big logs a crackling in the fire place. Mandy sitting in the firelight reading the back numbers of the Ladies Home Journal. Our Gingham dog, her with a checkered career, asleep at my feet adreaming of the rabbits she's chased this winter without catching but hopeful of tomorrow. A hanging just to one side of the fireplace is the most useful article of a cow man's home, you know, a good old substantial boot Jack. There ain't no greater comfort on earth for a cowman on a cold winter evening than to yank off his boots with a well built boot Jack, and sit around in his stocking feet aletting the sturup aches just ooze out of his feet before an open fire unmolested.

No I never saw wyoming or saw the Wind River Country. I did see the Ranch in Idaho where the hanging took place. Hunted sage chickens there, meby not the real ranch but it had the cottonwoods and the smell of sage in the rain. Anyway it fitted the frame of the picture you made of it. I've got a feeling low down in my heart that I shouldn't ever go to your Wyoming now. It might not be as perfect as you fixed it in your books. Perhaps I'm illusioned about that country and I wouldn't want it to be different than it is in my mind.

then I've got another feeling still lower down in my heart that when I die and go to heaven, perhaps after I have fixed fences up there for a few years they'll give me a vacation and let me come back to the Wind River Country for a while so Mandy and me can ride horseback over that section apicking out a ideal spot for a new ranch. Some afternoon we might catch glimpses of the Virginian and Molly ariding ahead of us. And then meby we would see you fishing along a creek or asitting in the shade awriting a story. On our way back we'd pick you up and the three of us would ride back to the Judge's Ranch, where you'd make us acquainted with everybody and we'd spend the evening. When it got late we'd start back to Heaven and then meby change our minds and stay right there forever provided you stayed with us.

Yours respectively

Harry Power

SANTOS

SANTOS (RELIGIOUS FOLK ART OF NEW MEXICO)

BY MITCHELL A. WILDER

New Mexico has long played a unique role in our history—a state of "in-betweeness," a contact zone, and inversely, a region of cultural lag. As the frontier between Mexico and the North, the Rio Grande drainage was hearth and home for prehistoric and Spanish society. A marginal land in economic terms, the valley has supported life for centuries and has been witness to the coming and going of successive cultures. Considering the true extent of the material resources in the Rio Grande and man's capacity at any given time to exploit them, it is the more remarkable that so much has been accomplished in a semidesert land.

In contemporary interest, the cultural remnants of the past probably exceed the present, a statement which must in no way detract from the excellent art, music, and letters of contemporary New Mexico. Rather, we are privileged today to enjoy the past, almost as if it had been consciously entombed and preserved for the purpose. The valley has nurtured the old society even while it was accepting the new. It is this unusual capacity for cultural retention which has preserved the religious folk art of the region.

The Catholic church and its missionaries arrived in New Mexico in the sixteenth century along with the Spanish Conquistadores. The padres stayed on to establish missions among the heathen Pueblos. And like the civil authority of the time, the clerics suffered hardships and reversals, notably their complete ouster in the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680. Following that disaster, which was marked by virtually complete destruction of church properties, the Spanish returned to dominate the scene until their political demise in the nineteenth century. It is at this time that religious art in the Rio Grande Valley was tucked away in a time capsule—nicely insulated against foreign influences, in a sort of cultural hypnosis. Even church authority was missing, thanks to the ecclesiastical

squabble with civil administration, ending in the desecularization of the clergy. Outmoded concepts sometimes continued in fashion, oblivious to officialdom; the Holy Trinity represented as three identical personages—a Byzantine concept—had been banned by Pope Benedict XIV in 1745. The news failed to impress the New Mexican faithful where this heretical version flourished throughout the nineteenth century.

The santos of New Mexico are one of the very few indigenous arts of our land, excepting, of course, that of the Indian. That Spanish-American folk art has retained its vigor and form is due entirely to its cultural isolation. Had the progressive spirits of the nineteenth century seen fit to communicate their aesthetic dictum to the populace, it is a safe assumption that Rio Grande Valley church furnishings would have been little more than a feeble extension of the impoverished arts of northern Mexico, or, worse yet, the cultural captive of the Santa Fe Trail traders. It is only through oversight that the small chapels of the Indian villages were not invested with the ghastly plaster icons of westering America.

Of special interest are the unusual figures associated with the New Mexican version of the Third Order of St. Francis, Los Hermanos Penitentes. At one time the brotherhood played a prominent role in the religious and political life of Spanish-speaking New Mexico, and their intensely emotional concern with the Passion of Our Lord became the leitmotiv of much of the religious art of the time. Startlingly realistic images of Christ Crucified, the Ecce Homo, and the Saviour in the Holy Sepulchre were commonly seen in the chapels (moradas) of the order, and might have accompanied the procession of flagellants as they flogged themselves to the local Calvary. Such a figure is shown in the cover illustration.

ILLUSTRATIONS: TAYLOR MUSEUM, COLORADO SPRINGS FINE ARTS CENTER

NUESTRA SENORA DE LA SOLEDAD (MATER DOLOROSA)

(See color reproduction next page) A profoundly reverent interpretation of the Virgin, probably from the Santa Cruz Valley, New Mexico. The figure is of cottonwood, lightly covered with native plaster. The black garment is simple cotton dipped in plaster to hold the drapery form. Height 13 inches.

SAN JOSE (SAINT JOSEPH). (Color reproduction on previous page) Joseph with the Christ child, holding his attribute, the flowered staff, in his right hand. The Nino in this example holds in His hand the orb, symbol of authority and justice. Height 35 inches.

SAN MIGUEL, ARCANGEL (SAINT MICHAEL, ARCHANGEL). St. Francis, in his great love for mankind, was especially attracted to this saint who weighed the souls on a scale with mild indulgence and rescued them from the devil in the hour of death. While St. Michael's main function is the care of souls, it was he who overcame Lucifer, led astray by pride, and threw him out of heaven. Height 14 inches.

NUESTRA SENORA DE CARMEN (OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL). One of a set of panels from a New Mexico reredos. Painted on large single slabs of ponderosa pine, the panels have suffered serious damage from water leaks in the sanctuary roof. 44 x 33 inches.

NUESTRA SENORA DE LA SOLEDAD (MATER DOLOROSA). Rudely painted in a primitive hand, this retablo exemplifies the folk artists' disregard of physical proportion in the effort to emphasize spiritual proportion—in this case the robe of the Virgin. 17¼ x 12 inches.

NUESTRA SENORA LA REINA DE LOS CIELOS (OUR LADY QUEEN OF HEAVEN). One of a group of superb figures (bultos) formerly in the chapel of Our Lady of Talpa, Talpa, New Mexico. Dismantled by its owner, Leandro Duran, the reredos and all the saints are now in the Taylor Museum, Colorado Springs. Height 27½ inches.

SAN RAMON NONATO (SAINT RAYMOND, THE UNBORN). (Next page) Patron of midwives and revered by expectant mothers. Persistent in converting Mohammedans to Christianity, the outraged had Raymond's lips pierced with a red-hot iron and a padlock placed on his mouth. Venerated as a keeper of secrets. Height 26 inches.

GOD THE FATHER. (Color reproduction on previous page) Painted on a pine board previously prepared with a coating of native plaster (yeso), this retablo is a unique concept of the Diety, surmounted by the dove, symbol of the Holy Ghost. 25 x 14 inches.

SAN ACACIO (ST. ACACIUS OF MT. ARARAT). A remote and somewhat apocryphal martyr who served in the Roman Legion, Acacius has a wide popularity in New Mexico. He is depicted in soldier's costume, with his tormentors at the foot of the cross. Height 38½ inches.

LA SANTISIMA TRINIDAD (THE MOST HOLY TRINITY). The Holy Trinity represented as three identical personages—a Byzantine concept which had been banned by Pope Benedict XIV in 1745 but which continued to flourish in New Mexico. 12¼ x 9½ inches.

The Cowman's Philosophy

BY RAMON F. ADAMS

Rarely do we think of the old-time cowman as a philosopher. Yet those who knew him best have heard many gems of homespun philosophy pass his lips—a philosophy which seemed to come naturally to that dweller in an isolation which made him an individual.

Perhaps he was uneducated and profane, but most of the old cowmen were quicker of tongue than on the trigger in spite of the wild and woolly reputation that has been saddled onto them.

Solitude gives a man directness of thought, gives him a simplicity not to be confused with foolishness, a humbleness without inferiority complex. He acquires keenness of observation and deduction, a quality of mental analysis, and a balanced poise that is the outcome of his proof of himself, of his own strength and ability.

Long days of loneliness gave the cowman time to think, think deeply, and he trained himself to observe. On his lonely rides he had time to reduce his thoughts to clear-cut phrases which he stored in mind for future and active use. This loneliness, together with self-reliance and patience, gave him humor and philosophy. He was not hurried and could take the time to examine small things from every angle. He chewed upon them, squeezed out the significant details and added their essence to his homely philosophy.

Often the city man gathers the ideas of others by reading; the cowman is apt to think out his own. He trains his mind along this line because it gives him

England, Italy, Portugal, Mexico, Australia, Canada, California, New York, Wyoming, Montana—the farther away from his home city of Dallas that the name of Ramon Adams is spoken, the more famous it is—a fact which makes him shrug his broad shoulders. Six foot three and still handsomely erect after seventy-four years, he could not care less about personal publicity. What he does care about is his work as a western historian, a profession which, oddly enough, was not his original career at all. Music was his field, and even though his boyhood was spent among ranchers and trail-drivers in his native Texas, he considered his interest in them a hobby.

When Adams graduated from Austin College in Sherman, Texas, in 1912, he had covered all the courses available in history, English, Greek, Latin, French, and German. He combined that background as linguist with his study of music at Kidd Key College in Sherman where he was given special instruction in violin by the eminent Carl Venth. Invited to head the violin department at the University of Arkansas, Adams went to Fayetteville, and while on the faculty there he married Allie Jarman. When their son was born, the young father named him Elman for the violinist he considered to be the greatest virtuoso, Mischa Elman.

After moving his family to Chicago so that he could both

something to do and keeps him from becoming lonely. The nearness of the stars, the bigness of the country, the far horizons, all nature stirs his imagination. He has no one to talk to except a horse that cannot talk back, so his thoughts can grow uninterrupted. With an active mind and a well-nigh bookless country, he has to derive his intellectual diversion in part from applied logic rather than from reading.

A common saying on the old range was, *"A cowboy is a man with guts and a horse,"* and another was, *"There ain't much paw and beller to a cowboy,"* which was a typically western way of saying that the true cowboy neither talks much nor cries over his misfortunes.

Old man Carter, in giving a young would-be cowboy some fatherly advice, said, *"There's a heap more to bein' a cowpuncher than just settin' on a hoss and lettin' your feet hang down."* One old cowman, amused at the sight of a tenderfoot dressed up in a cowboy outfit, declared, *"Cowboy riggin' don't seem to fit so good on a man that's growed up with a collar 'round his neck."* During one of my many visits to the Cowboy Reunion at Stamford, Texas, I heard another old-timer, in talking to a group of young eastern visitors, say that, *"In spite of what the East thinks, a cowman's not always dressed in leather and deadly weapons."*

The West, like the rest of the world, has little use for the braggart. Down in Arizona there was a young black-sheep son of a prominent cattleman. He spent most of his time drinking and "helling" around town, but he never failed to let the world know what a good man his father was. A grizzled old cowman got tired of listening to him one day and advised him that, *"Folks that brag about their family tree should do something to make it flourish,"* and another added, *"You don't need no sharp ax to chop down your family tree."*

Of another braggart, Jed Compton said, *"Some men think the sun comes up 'specially to hear them crow."* I have heard other expressions, such as: *"A man with too much spread is liable to get his horns clipped"*; *"A man can mighty easy brag himself out of a place to lean against the bar"*; *"Some folks throw too much dust."*

The cowman takes life as it comes and seldom complains. Bill Jackson expressed the philosophy of most cowmen when he said, *"Kickin' never gets you nowhere 'less'n you're a mule."* And Latigo Tate used to say, *"A complainer wears his tail plumb out a-switchin' winter flies."*

The cowman has little use for a gossiper. As one said, *"An eye-baller is always feedin' off his own range."* On this subject I've heard such expressions as, *"Throwin' mud ain't the way to move soil,"* and *"The man who throws mud loses ground."* One old-timer said of such a gossiper, *"Some folks are like buttons on a fat man's clothes—always poppin' off."*

When Old Man Doan became disgusted while watching the antics of a couple of young drunken cowboys, he said, *"Givin' some folks likker's like tryin' to play a harp with a hammer."* I once heard Blaze Taylor say, *"The fellow that tries to save his boot soles by keepin' 'em on a brass rail never has the money to buy a new pair."*

A few other words of wisdom on the liquor question I've heard on the range are: *"Ridin' out of town with nothing but a head means your head's as empty as your pocketbook"*; *"Wet stock's caused more'n one cowboy to stay out with the dry cattle"*; *"It don't take backbone to belly up to a bar"*; *"Some men try to drown their sorrow in likker, but only irrigate it."* And when

study and teach there, Adams was again called back to the Southwest to join the faculty of the College of Music at Wichita Falls, Texas. While there he began playing in the symphony orchestra which was part of the major motion-picture entertainment program of the time, and he then accepted offers to head the violin sections in similar orchestras in Fort Worth and Dallas theaters. It was in Dallas that his career in music ended one day when he broke his wrist while cranking his reluctant Model T Ford.

Now in his middle years, Ramon Adams had to readjust his life completely. He did so with quiet and confident determination, even though the year was 1929, an unfortunate

HALL GENTRY STUDIO, DALLAS, TEXAS

Ramon F. Adams

Pecos Brady saw a friend trying to drown his troubles by consuming red-eye, he laid his arm around this young friend's shoulders and said, *"Son, a corkscrew never pulled no one out of a hole."*

On the subject of women, Joe Rice used to say, *"A smile from a good woman's worth more'n a dozen handed out by a bartender."* I once heard another cowman say, *"When a woman starts draggin' her rope there's always some man willin' to step into her loop."* Bob Jordan said, *"A fickle woman's like a man that's a good shot. They're both apt to hurt somebody."* Another disappointed old bachelor held to the theory that, *"You can never trust women, fleas nor tenderfoots."* One hen-pecked husband held that, *"Marriage is as risky as braidin' a mule's tail"*; while another, whose experiences with women had not turned out well, said, *"You can't turn a woman no more'n you can a runaway hog."*

Down in Texas a young puncher was trying to work a case of mad to the point where he could down an enemy. An older man, watching the younger one and knowing the outcome if he let his temper run wild, went over to him and said quietly, *"Son, take the advice of one who knows and always remember that taking another man's life don't make no soft pillow at night."* One cowboy was doing his best to take the town apart, and was quietly told by an older man, *"Son, pullin' up the town to look at its roots don't help its growth."* Windy Malloy used to say, *"When I see a coward with a gun I get plumb scared,"* and I've heard Cut-Bank Tuttle make the statement, *"The feller you want to watch is the one whose finger trembles on the trigger."*

The old cowman has uttered much philosophy concerning the gunman. Some sayings I have jotted down from time to time in different sections of the range are: *"Carvin' scollops on a gun makes poor whittlin'"*; *"There's always somebody ready to scratch an itchin' trigger finger"*; *"The feller that goes 'round heeled sooner or later gets forefooted"*; *"A two-gun man, you might say, is dressed to kill."*

Old Man Boyles used to say, *"The man who keeps the bridle on his temper always shoots the truest."* *"When a man's hindsight begins to blur, it's time to wash off the war-paint,"* was one old cowman's way of speaking of a friend who had grown old enough to quit helling around town like a young buck and settle down. Fiddle-Back Red used to contend that, *"A man that looks behind 'im at every straight piece of road ain't leadin' a straight life."* One young cowhand who had gotten into trouble was advised by a friend that, *"Sometimes the best health resorts are parts unknown."*

At an Old Trail Drivers' Convention at San Antonio, Texas, I used to sit among those charming old men and listen to their words of wisdom. One day a group of them, for what reason I do not remember, began a discussion about the old-time gunmen of the West.

"Well, of course," said one, *"we didn't have many of these fellows on the ranches. These professional gunmen hived up in town, not the range. The range was too lonesome for this breed."*

"I've found," said another, *"that mighty few professional killers got a chance to quit this life in bed with a preacher hoverin' over 'em and a doctor takin' their pulse count."*

One old Texas rancher tried to encourage a young rider with the advice that, *"The man who wears his chin on his instep never sees the horizon."* *"Some cowhands are like the sky,"* said Pete Fincher, *"they ain't quiet 'less'n they're blue."* An old cook on the T J Ranch gave this advice to a rider who seemed disturbed

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one for new beginnings. He went into the retail and wholesale candy business with his wife, successfully creating the brand still known as "Allie Adams," the name which was sold with the business in 1955. But it was during those business years that Ramon Adams returned to the interest which had begun as a child and which had filled his notebooks as he read and collected a great and growing library of rare books and valuable source material on cattlemen, cowboys, and outlaws.

Most important though was Adams' compulsion to begin his own writing of history and true stories of the Old West. He had sold his first story to Western Story Magazine *in 1923, and his first book,* Cowboy Lingo, *appeared in 1936. With supplementary grants from the Rockefeller Foundation and the Huntington Library, he became completely involved in a career as historian and bibliophile. He has produced in nearly every literary medium and has won an important place on the shelves of librarian, historian, and lay reader.*

The distinctive importance of Ramon Adams' contribution to the history of America's West is not only in collecting and preserving the language of the cowboy but in establishing the authenticity of his total image by correcting the multiple errata of legend. Some of the thoughts thus gleaned are presented in the accompanying article.

EVELYN OPPENHEIMER

Lumber Ships at Puget Sound...

From all the world the sailing ships came to Puget Sound . . . in the days when sailors were cheap and lumberjacks were cheap and the Douglas fir stood thicker and taller and cheaper than any timberman had laid eyes on since the beginning of time. Then, the narrow cove at Port Blakeley was a harbor known to sailormen from Antwerp to Sydney. Then, a sailor was a man who *sailed*, who worked a ship from isobar to isobar around the world. These were the last of the great days of sail.

The ships at Port Blakeley, caught by photographer Wilhelm Hester in a moment (any moment) around the turn of the century, are seen on the preceding spread.

Opposite are some of the men and one of the ships of this epoch: the men English, the ship the handsome *Lynton*.

. . . a photographic record by Wilhelm Hester

Introduction and Commentary

BY ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN

In the last few years the photograph has come into its own as a historical document. For too long regarded by historians and the publishing fraternity alike as no more than supplementary "illustration" to written history, too often presented without adequate regard for authenticity or photographic quality, the photograph is at last becoming a "first-class citizen."

The growing interest in these old photographs by professional and amateur historians, by libraries and museums, has resulted in a more or less systematic search for, and accumulation of, valuable collections of original negatives and prints. Along with the new appreciation of the photograph-as-document, a new breed of archivist, the photographic researcher, has arisen. Using a detailed knowledge of photographic technique as well as history, the researcher is often the key to unearthing and arranging for the deposit of many important, though neglected, collections of original photographic material in public institutions. In this fashion the work of many well-known early photographers is now secure in recognized photo archives.

Happily, the lesser-known commercial photographers of the seventies, the eighties, and the nineties are now also receiving the attention and efforts of many photographic researchers. An outstanding example of the kind of photographic treasure that is being shaken out of attics and cellars and back-room cabinets everywhere in the West can be seen in the work of Wilhelm Hester, a collection of some four thousand 8 x 10 inch glass negatives recently acquired by the San Francisco Maritime Museum.

During the 1890's and early 1900's, Wilhelm Hester documented the men and the sailing ships of the huge Pacific Northwest lumber export trade. The document is, of course, not the whole story of those men, those ships, and that trade. It could not be — but it is a technical and human document, composed of details and images, forgotten trivia and "lost" impressions that cannot be duplicated in traditional archival material.

All photographs courtesy San Francisco Maritime Museum

MADEI

The picture that Hester made is unique; no other type of source can provide such information. In the way that the impressions of one man, as seen by him, of one subject, over a prolonged period is complete . . . in that way Wilhelm Hester's picture is complete.

The plates presented here are a selection of Wilhelm Hester's work. They are striking testimony to the skill and sensitivity often found in the day-to-day work of obscure commercial photographers of the early 1890's.

The frontier communities of Puget Sound in the 1890's provided scant opportunity for a commercial photographer. Business was hard; it was a scramble over rough terrain in equally difficult weather. Hester's land was a triangle covering the most active area of Puget Sound at the turn of the century: from Seattle south to Tacoma, northwest to Port Blakeley, and then back to Seattle. This area, the export lumber center of the Pacific Northwest, was the daily beat of marine photographer Wilhelm Hester.

Searching for work to keep his struggling business alive, he walked, drove, sailed, and steamboated his way around this region day in and day out — in the gray fog, damp, cold, snow, sleet, and the now-and-again sunshine. Packing eighty pounds of view camera equipment with him, he sought his customers — the masters and seamen who brought their tall sailing ships from all over the world to Puget Sound

Although grain was loaded at Tacoma, the magnet that drew most of a thousand sailing ships a year to Puget Sound was *lumber*. The thickly wooded hills still rise from the water's edge, but it would be hard for a visitor today at the lonely cove of Port Blakeley to re-

The *Lynton* was a proud ship, a four-mast bark kept up in a style not always seen in the days when steam was conquering the trade routes of the world. Such a ship Hester liked to see; her proud men would buy his work. First off, the master must have a portrait of his cabin. And here *(upper left)* is one of the finest cabins one might find — the home of Captain James and his wife.

Memories . . . an island souvenir, a wife dead, the company of mates. The skipper holds his cards, a mourning band around his arm. *(Lower left)*

English, French, German . . . the captain is the master of ships and men. Here is Captain Techner, in his foul-weather gear, on a typically foul Port Blakeley day. *(Right)*

Port Blakeley on a fine day *(next spread)* . . . the ring of forest trees, the smoke of mills, the spars of ships.

construct the charged excitement evident in Hester's photographs of the mills and the waiting ships in their vigorous heyday. Then, whining, screaming sawmills ripped out millions of board feet of lumber daily. Under steam, smoke, and drizzle, a dozen sailing ships at any time waited while their crews worked seven days a week around the clock to fill their holds and pile their decks with lumber — lumber at once cheaper and better than any other, lumber that could be delivered to Europe, Australia, or anywhere else by sailing ships that cost little to operate and hard-worked, able men who cost even less.

Almost every seagoing nation sent ships to Port Blakeley. There they loaded milled lumber and unbarked logs, pit props, shingles, fenceposts — anything the amazing Douglas fir was suited for. Sea-weary ships came, old and tested ships, ships and barks of every rig and variation. Proud "flyers" came up empty from the West Coast of South America, deep-bellied iron and steel vessels under the Red Duster launched in the smoky Clyde shipyard, worn-out timber droughers, handsome schooners and barkentines freshly launched at the nearby Hall Brothers shipyard. They all loaded lumber at the ever-busy sawmills of Port Blakeley. The building, expanding twentieth-century world needed lumber, and the Pacific Northwest forests and sawmills could supply it — and did. Wilhelm Hester found his life's work documenting this fantastic activity.

He made his living chasing down the newly arrived vessels, boarding them, and arranging to take in quick succession photographs of the ship's master (and if they were aboard, his family as well), the mates, and finally the crew. Sailing-ship men were a proud lot however substandard their quarters and working conditions. They were proud of their ships, proud of themselves, and half a world away from their loved ones. They bought photographs in all the great seaports of the world; but Hester's unusual skill, his warm sympathy, and his astonishing use of his wide-angle lens assured him of steady sales.

So Hester photographed them all. With his wide-angle lens he could depart from the "tight," formal groups of most seaport photographers to capture more natural and often amusing poses and to include a good bit of the ship into the scene as well. One unusually

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The master took a wife, who took a son, who took the wheel of the *Balmoral* — for Hester and the family back home to see. *(Left)*

All-American . . . the skipper of the Port Blakeley-built schooner *H. K. Hall* faces up to the talking machine and the photographer. It is launching day; otherwise the master of a coastal lumber carrier would put up with no such nonsense. *(Above right)*

From far away they come to pose in pride: the master, his wife, their child . . . their ship. *(Right)*

E. Gates-James, of the *Lynton* and Royal Naval Reserve, ordered tea and cakes for the mates at the change of watch, but his portrait suggests no scandalous weakness. The mates may have been aghast at this breach of etiquette in a day when a sailing-ship master was apt to like his officers in tar-streaked shirts, yet they were soon proud of the "London Man-O-War" he ran. *(Far right)*

The crewmen of the lumber ships not only came to the growing Northwest, but they stayed — for here was the promised land of the sailor-emigrant. emigrant. All kinds "jumped ship" and settled down to become laborers, shipwrights, and lumberjacks. At the left are perhaps seven candidates for informal citizenship . . . and one white-bearded Norwegian whose gaze seems to convey the sea lore of ages, whose hand taught the others what they knew.

(Below) The *Flottbek* sailors, their bo'sun, their cook, and their "foo-foo" band of music.

The captain and men of the *Andelana* died shortly after Hester made this picture; their unballasted bark rolled over in a squall and sank in the dark waters of Puget Sound. *(Upper right)*

All kinds it took to sail all kinds of ships. Here the foremast gang of the Chilean *Curzon*. *(Lower right)*

rewarding result of his equipment and his skill was that Hester made many views in the cabins of ships—an almost unheard-of accomplishment among commercial marine photographers of his time. Thus, in the Hester collection is found the only significant, and by far the best, record yet uncovered of the quarters of sailing-ship masters, complete with the trifling mementoes of their shoreside life lovingly arranged in view of the camera. Richly evocative, perhaps more so because of the dimly lit corners of the cabins, these photographs bring to life once more the feel, smell, and sense of the Victorian velour, plush, satin, and leather.

The ships themselves did not escape Hester's attention. A matter of great pride and affection to their masters, these ships were much photographed in most of the world's ports. Rare indeed was the shipmaster's cabin that did not sport on its walls a framed photo graph or painting of the ship at anchor or under sail. Gleaming in new paint, everything properly set and rigged, the ship was a thing of beauty and grace.

Working in familiar surroundings regardless of the weather, Hester often succeeded in catching the transient excitement of lofty ships, quiet water, and calm, capable men organizing the endless work of loading their sea-bound ships with lumber. Perhaps Wilhelm Hester saw the beauty in his work as we see it today. Whether he did or not, we are much indebted to this hard-working commercial artist, who with his camera, his love of ships and the sea, has left to us his legacy of imperishable images of documentary worth and artistic validity.

Hamburg-born Wilhelm Hester was active as a waterfront photog rapher around Puget Sound from 1893 to 1915. Many of his 8 x 10 inch glass negatives must have been destroyed at one time or another after his death in 1929, but quite remarkably a good part of his work remained in the possession of successive owners of his Seattle home. Mr. and Mrs Jerry Sands, who bought the house in 1947, tried vainly to find a buyer for the collection until it came to the attention of Robert Weinstein. Mr. Weinstein arranged to print a number of the negatives to show to Mr. Emerson Spear of Los Angeles, the grandson of Captain Alexander Spear, who came around the Horn to San Francisco in the gold-rush days. Immediately recognizing the historic value of the collection, Mr Spear commissioned Mr. Weinstein to negotiate its purchase and subsequent donation to the San Francisco Maritime Museum.

The last great days of sail. . . . Snow laden, under lowering gray skies, the ships at Port Blakeley's mill dock etch a sea-picture *(right)* to be remembered in the history of the West.

The Penny-Auction Rebellion

Somewhere in Iowa in February 1933, this jolly group of farmers enforced their strike by spilling somebody's milk.

OMAHA WORLD-HERALD

Western farmers fight against foreclosure, 1932 - 1933

BY JOHN L. SHOVER

In 1932 a foreclosure sale was not uncommon in Antelope County, Nebraska. But something unusual was afoot on the afternoon of October 7, as the receiver for the defunct Elgin State Bank prepared to auction the chattels of a young widow, Mrs. Theresa Von Baum, just outside the village of Elgin. Rather than the usual small, silent group of onlookers, a large crowd of neighbors and farmers from as far as a hundred miles away had been gathering in the farmyard. Trucks and jalopies were parked for a mile down the dirt road; seventy-five men had come from nearby Newman Grove.

The auctioneer mounted the bed of a farm wagon and called the first item on the bill of sale — a horse. "How much am I offered?" he cried.

After a moment of silence a voice in the crowd called, "Five cents!"

"Five cents! Five cents!" the auctioneer repeated. No voices were raised. "Going — going — gone — this horse sold for five cents."

Half an hour later the sale was over. All items — chickens, horses, cows — had sold for the same price, five cents, with no opposing bids. The total proceeds from the sale were $5.35. The receiver's representative, judging the temper of the crowd, reluctantly signed a release. Promptly a hat was passed among the crowd, the $5.35 collected, the creditor paid, and the chattels returned to Mrs. Von Baum. This was only the first in a series of what farmers came to call "Sears-Roebuck sales." Before a year had elapsed, more than 140 such sales took place in fifteen farm states in the West and Middle West.

Whether in Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan, or Ohio, the methods of "penny auctions" or "Sears-Roebuck sales" were the same. (Penny auction referred to a real-estate sale, Sears-Roebuck to a chattel sale.) Sometimes, as at the Cecil Kestner farm near Deshler, Ohio, the hostility of the crowd was announced by a noose dangling from

THE FARMER IS THE MAN, *popular song with midwestern farmers in 1880's.*

When the farmer comes to town
With his wagon broken down,
Oh, the farmer is the man who feeds them all

If you'll only look and see,
I think you will agree
That the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

The farmer is the man,
The farmer is the man, lives on credit till the fall;

Then they take him by the hand,
And they lead him from the land,
And the middle man's the one who gets it all

When the lawyer hangs around
While the butcher cuts a pound,
Oh, the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

And the preacher and the cook
Go a-strolling by the brook,
Oh, the farmer is the man who feeds them all

The farmer is the man,
The farmer is the man, lives on credit till the fall;

With the interest rate so high,
It's a wonder he don't die,
For the mortgage man's the one who gets it all

When the banker says he's broke
And the merchant's up in smoke
They forget that it's the farmer feeds them all

It would put them to the test
If the farmer took a rest,
Then they'd know that it's the farmer feeds them all

Oh, the farmer is the man,
The farmer is the man, lives on credit till the fall

And his pants are wearing thin,
His condition it's a sin,
He's forgot that he's the man who feeds them all

a tree or haymow. Often, as at the Von Baum sale, the auctioneer was sympathetic and agreed to "hear" only one bid. Otherwise, a prospective bidder, not party to the scheme, might find himself surrounded by a cluster of hefty farmers, and if he spoke might feel a heavy hand on his shoulder and someone mutter, "That bid's a little high, ain't it?" In the end the sum realized might be no more than the $1.90 on the $800 mortgage on Walter Crozier's farm at Haskins, Ohio, or the $5.35 at Elgin. Always the "foreclosed" property was returned to the original debtor-owner.

No single problem of the depression years, not even the most precipitous price decline in the history of American agriculture, plagued the countryside more than the threat of mortgage foreclosure. The average mortgaged farm in Iowa carried a debt of $9,500 in 1932. Though the bottom had dropped out of farm prices (the return for hogs per head fell from $11.36 to $6.14 in 1932), debts remained constant.

In part, the farmers were responsible for their plight. They had been too eager to expand acreage and purchase new equipment in the prosperous years of the first World War when markets were abundant, prices high, and credit cheap. But, speculator though he might have been, the farmer-debtor was not to blame for the collapse of the international market nor the assist given the collapse by tariff policies of the 1920's. Neither was he responsible for the economic crash of the 1930's. Caught between falling prices and fixed or rising costs, the farmer could find no escape – especially when the bank announced foreclosure on his overdue mortgage. In 1932, 6 per cent of the farms in Iowa, North Dakota, and South Dakota changed ownership because of bankruptcy or foreclosure; in 1933 this figure rose to 8 per cent. In Iowa, three-quarters of the foreclosures did not bring even an amount equal to the original debt, leaving the owner, although bereft of his property, with a deficiency judgment still to pay.

The resistance to foreclosures, the most important and dramatic chapter of a neglected little rebellion that swept across the corn belt in the depression years, was a spontaneous, grass-roots movement, largely uncoordinated and little guided by any formal organization or leaders. Efforts to halt sales were most frequent in the early months of 1933 when the number of farm sales reached a high for the century. During January and February at least seventy-six sales were stopped by crowds of obstructionist farmers ranging in number from about one hundred to the two thousand that appeared at Pilger, Nebraska, on January 21. These demonstrations against foreclosure occurred in all parts of the farm belt from Santa Rosa, California, to Circle, Montana, to Camp Avery, Ohio, to Sassamanville, Pennsylvania. There was little liaison between the demonstrators; participants in the sale at Elgin, Nebraska, at Chili, Wisconsin, and at Granite Falls, Minnesota, all believed their penny auction was the first.

For many farmers penny auctions and Sears-Roebuck sales were a last resort. Other means of protest and of direct action to protect or improve their economic condition had fallen short of anticipations. For instance, in August 1932, a strike had been called by the Farmers' Holiday Association, an organization founded in Des Moines in May of that year and so named because its members insisted that if banks could declare "holidays" from their financial obligations, why couldn't farmers? The strike sought to organize farmers in Iowa, Nebraska, and Minnesota to halt shipment of produce to market and thereby bring about an increase in prices sufficient to cover cost of production. But the strike erupted into unanticipated road-picketing and clashes with law-enforcement officials around Sioux City and Omaha. The strike failed to attain its objective of cost-of-production prices for farmers, but the extensive press coverage did drive home to state and national political leaders the fact that the nation was confronted with a serious farm crisis.

For individual farmers no aspect of this crisis was more immediate than foreclosure. Foreclosure was a personal problem. Nothing placed human rights and property rights in such stark juxtaposition. "The most discouraging, disheartening experiences of my legal life have occurred," wrote a small-town attorney in Iowa, "when men of middle age with families go out of bankruptcy court with furniture, team of horses, a wagon and a little stock as all that is left from twenty-five years of work."

On January 30, 1933, fifteen hundred Minnesota Farmers' Holiday Association members prevented a sale that would have lost seventy-five-year-old Casper Westfield a farm he had worked for forty-three years. Louis Larson of Niobrara, Nebraska, was not so fortunate. A graying man of sixty, weighing at least three hundred pounds, he hitchhiked across Nebraska addressing farmers' meetings and often burst into tears when he described how he had lost the farm he had homesteaded.

Max Cichon of Sugar Creek, Wisconsin, refused to vacate his foreclosed farm; and a small army of deputies armed with machine guns, rifles, and tear gas attacked the farm the evening of December 5, 1932, routed the family and bore Cichon off to jail.

One of the organizations that sought to direct resistance to foreclosures was the Madison County Plan Farmers' Holiday Association founded in September 1932 by a core of farmers from the hamlet of Newman Grove, Nebraska. This group organized the Sears-Roebuck sale at Elgin, Nebraska, on October 7, and by January its leaders claimed twenty-five thousand members. Early in its history organizers for the Communist party, eager to find *entrée* into the rural protest movement, joined the Madison County Plan in an attempt to guide and "educate" the farmers. Both "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor, the "grand old lady" of the American Communist party, and her son, Harold Ware, the party expert on agriculture, participated in conventions and demonstrations. But Communists never dominated the Madison County Plan — educating farmers proved a more portentous task than party members anticipated. Nor were Communists responsible for initiating the spontaneous penny-auction campaign. Nonetheless, the fact that avowed Communists were accepted as participants, if not as leaders, demonstrates that for some hard-pressed farmers in the depression years the word "Communist" held no terrors.

Organized resistance to forced sales was most frequent in the Missouri River counties of Iowa and Nebraska, the centers of the August farm strike. On January 4, 1933, one thousand Plymouth County farmers gathered at the courthouse in Lemars, Iowa, where the farm of John Johnson was offered for sale. Johnson was willing to sacrifice his farm for the $33,000 mortgage if he could avoid a deficiency judgment. Herbert Martin, attorney for the mortgagor, the New York Life Insurance Company, offered the only bid — one of $30,000. When he stated he had no authority to change the amount, he was rushed by the crowd and dragged down the courthouse steps. Sheriff Ralph Rippey, who raced to Martin's aid, was rudely slapped and locked in among the mob. On threat of his life, Martin was compelled to telegraph the company for permission to bid the $33,000. The company complied. This melee over, the mob converged on the office of District Judge C. W. Pitts, refusing to allow him to leave until he promised not to sign any more foreclosure decrees. The judge contended he was powerless but agreed to write

At Fremont, Nebraska, in September of 1932, striking farmers sought to block the highway with logs.

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an immediate letter to Governor Clyde Herring. C. J. Schultz, president of the Plymouth County Farmers' Holiday and leader of the mob, wrote of the event:

> We are proud of Plymouth County. We still contend Plymouth County holds the record of getting things done. We are organized for action, and we are acting. . .
>
> Who said we can't drive the fear of God into these robbers and cutthroats. . . .
>
> Our defense Council sat behind closed doors all day today while the court house was packed with farmers. We have decided a good many things. We have got up speed, nothing can stop us now. .

The National Farmers' Holiday Association under the leadership of Milo Reno never condoned such extralegal methods. In an attempt to checkmate violence such as that at Lemars, the association took the lead in establishing locally elected county Councils of Defense to bring together debtors and creditors in an attempt to work out peaceful adjustments that would avoid dispossession. Such councils functioned for more than a year in many Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska counties. Milo Reno estimated that in one half of the cases the Councils of Defense were able to bring about a settlement satisfactory to both parties. One such case successfully adjudicated was that of a debtor from Grand Meadows, Minnesota, named Arthur E. Hoover. In reporting the success to the cousin of this farmer, who happened to be President of the United States, Reno added: "It has occurred to me that since you have been unable to accomplish anything during the last four years except to bring this cousin and other farmers nearer bankruptcy, you would gladly make a contribution to the Minnesota and National Farmers' Holiday Association. . . ."

Few movements of rural insurgency have achieved such specific and immediate results as the farmers' campaigns against mortgage foreclosures. The first response was that of a group of eastern life-insurance companies, holders of 42 per cent of farm mortgages in Iowa. The president of New York Life Insurance Company notified Governor Herring on January 30 that his company, owner of $200,000,000 of debt in Iowa, would suspend foreclosures until legislation was approved to protect the status of debtors. The company's decision, according to its president, was the result of two factors: first, an appeal from Herring for all mortgage-holders to exercise restraint; second, Herbert Martin, the attorney assaulted at Lemars, was a representative of New York Life. Within two days five other companies, including Prudential Life Insurance, largest holder of farm mortgages in the nation, joined in the voluntary suspension.

Legislative action on behalf of farmer-debtors closely followed insurance-company suspensions. The first relief was granted by the newly elected Democratic governor and legislature in Iowa when Governor Herring signed on February 17, 1933, a bill permitting threatened farm owners to appeal for continuance of a foreclosure action until March 1935. The Iowa law, model for moratorium laws in other farm states, permitted an owner to retain possession of delinquent realty, paying to the mortgagor a fair rental value for the property in addition to required payments and interest.

The moratorium laws were only a partial concession to farmer demands; they applied neither to chattel foreclosures nor to existing delinquent mortgages. One critic, H. R. Gross (in 1965 a conservative member of the House of Representatives from the 3rd Iowa district, but in 1933 the outspoken editor of *Iowa Union Farmer* and a close ally of Milo Reno), contended that under moratorium laws the tight court supervision of a farmer's credit, plus rental and principal payments, amounted to a virtual state of receivership for the farmer. Perhaps this is why in the succeeding year only

In February 1933, Keats Markell and his two sons tried to run this truck through a farmers' blockade near Sioux City. All three were wounded by buckshot

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about half of the delinquent farmers in Iowa who had the opportunity availed themselves of the law. Nevertheless, other states followed the lead of Iowa. A Nebraska moratorium law was approved in March after three thousand farmers organized by the Madison County Plan converged on Lincoln. By April mortgage moratoriums were in effect not only in these two states but in Minnesota, Wisconsin, South Dakota, North Dakota, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kentucky, and Illinois.

Probably moratorium laws would have been enacted eventually without grass-roots agitation, but penny auctions and Sears-Roebuck sales hastened and made urgent the political responses. Beyond the legal sphere, the farmers' protests brought results less easily calculable. It cannot be known how many foreclosures were averted through the unpublicized arbitration of local Councils of Defense or more important, how many creditors witnessing the intensity of farmers' determination exercised caution and restraint in pressing lawsuits.

After January and February 1933, the number of farmer demonstrations diminished. Not only had there been voluntary suspensions by the largest creditors and emergency legislation, but in Washington, D.C., the new Democratic administration and Congress were vigorously shaping a promising new approach to the farmers' depression problems. In March there were only twenty-two penny auctions and in April only six throughout the nation. But there was a difference: disorder and violence to persons and property *increased* markedly as the number of penny auctions and participants declined. By April frightened observers detected portents of revolution in the farm belt.

The Madison County Plan Farmers' Holiday had been singularly free of acts of disorder. Then on March 14, Harry Lux, the state organizer and most dynamic leader of the protest in Nebraska, led a group of farmers and laborers from Lincoln to Wilber, county seat of Saline County in central Nebraska, where the farm of Joe Newman was being sold at sheriff's sale. Lux had been nurtured on protest ideas ever since the days he had heard Greenback and Populist ideas argued in the sodhouse where he was reared on the Nebraska prairies. Not a Communist himself, he was nevertheless the liaison between party leaders and Nebraska farmers.

Arriving in Wilber, Lux's farmers were met by a group of deputies who, suspecting interference with the sale, waited expectantly in front of the courthouse. The demonstrators slipped to the side of the building and as the hour of the sale approached descended en masse the basement stairs into the sheriff's office. With the office jammed to suffocation by the two hundred protestants, the sheriff was unable to reach his telephone on the wall, much less leave the office to cry the sale. As the minutes ticked by, the lusty-voiced farmers entertained the sheriff with what he described later as "songs about the depression." One of them, to the tune of "Redwing," Lux sang for this writer thirty years later:

Shall we all be slaves
And work for wages?
It is outrageous,
Has been for ages.

This earth of ours
Is made for toilers,
And not for spoilers
Of liberty.

Meanwhile, one of the deputies outside managed to wedge open a door far enough to discharge a tear-gas gun into the crowded room. The hapless sheriff as well as his guests beat a hasty and disorganized retreat. The Holiday men, thinking this ended auctions for the day in Wilber, adjourned to the Newman farm for a picnic. While they enjoyed their repast, the delayed sale went on. As the group traveled back to Lincoln, they were overtaken by Saline County deputies, and Lux and seventeen others were arrested — the first arrests for Holiday activity in Nebraska.

This flare-up in central Nebraska was nothing compared to the violence that erupted in the troubled areas north of Sioux City, Iowa. Difficulties began at Primghar, county seat of O'Brien County, on the morning of April 27 when a crowd of farmers gathered to await the sheriff's sale of John Shaffer's farm. Twenty-five special deputies armed with hardwood billies stood by inside the courthouse. Shortly after ten o'clock, a deputy sheriff stepped out on a second-floor balcony and called for bids. Immediately the shout "get him" went up from the crowd below, and with a sudden impulse the farmers swarmed through the courthouse doors. Heedless of the warnings of deputies who set up a line of defense at the top of the stairs, the mob rushed up the steps, and in a club- and fist-swinging free-for-all were beaten back. While both sides nursed their wounds and prepared for another onslaught, a hasty conference was arranged between the creditor's attorney and the defendant, Shaffer. The latter was suddenly conciliatory and accepted the creditor's offer. The settlement was announced to the crowd, but the still unsatisfied mob as a last act of defiance insisted that the

attorney, the sheriff, and all the deputies file to the front of the courthouse and kiss the flag. They complied.

Primghar was only the first episode in a day of hectic activity. In the afternoon of the same day, Charles C. Bradley, sixty-year-old senior judge of the 21st Iowa district, was hearing a foreclosure case at Lemars initiated by a group of banks and insurance companies to test the constitutionality of the Iowa moratorium law. The hearing was in progress when about one hundred farmers entered the courtroom. Although the group was orderly, Bradley was disturbed and ordered them to take off their hats and stop smoking. "This is my courtroom," he called to them.

For the farmers, some of whom were still smarting from wounds received at Primghar a few hours earlier, this was too much. They surged to the front of the courtroom. Some slipped bandanas over their faces and pulled Bradley off the bench. Slapped and shaken by the mob, the judge was dragged out of the courthouse, thrust into the bed of a farm truck and carried to a crossroads a mile outside of Lemars. His trousers were removed and he was threatened with mutilation. A rope was thrown over a roadside sign and pulled tight around the judge's neck as the mob demanded that he swear not to authorize any more foreclosures. "I will do the fair thing to all men to the best of my knowledge," was all the judge would promise.

Perhaps the dignity and bravery of Judge Bradley, perhaps the realization they were bent upon murder, perhaps the pleas of R. F. Starzl, editor of the Lemars *Globe-Post* ("Even some of those who were actively handling the judge seemed strange, moving like automatons, or like self-conscious actors who knew many eyes were upon them. Their eyes sought approval . . . ," he wrote) checked the passion of the mob. As a compromise measure, a hubcap full of grease was dumped on the judge's head. His trousers, filled with gravel, were thrown into a ditch, and the mob departed, leaving the judge nearly unconscious in the road.

This was as much a lynch mob as any pack of angry men that ever disturbed the peace of a southern town. There was a hidden factor behind the assault upon Bradley — he had long been the victim of some vicious gossip that passed in Plymouth County. Rumor had it that Bradley, an unmarried man, was living in sin in Lemars. Whether or not this was true is beside the point; the farmers who attacked him believed it true.

The attack upon Judge Bradley made nationwide headlines. Guy Gillette, member of the House of Representatives from the district stated: "I sympathize fully with the farmers and realize they are driven to desperation by conditions over which they have no control." John Simpson, president of the National Farmers' Union declared: "I am afraid it indicates that trouble is starting. . . . I hope that we will hurry and get legislative relief through Congress." Late on the same night of April 27, Sheriff Rippey of Plymouth County telegraphed Governor Clyde Herring: "Situation beyond control of civil authorities. Demand militia."

Before Herring could act, another event aggravated the already tense situation. On the morning of April 28, the sheriff of Crawford County was conducting a sale of the chattels of J. F. Shields near Denison, seventy miles south of Lemars, when a contingent of Holiday farmers from Crawford, Monona, and Shelby counties arrived. Their coming had been expected, for the sheriff had brought along fifty deputies and state agents. Eight hundred farmers formed a flying wedge and charged into the farmyard. The outnumbered law officials fought back with fists and clubs and one who drew a gun was dunked in the water trough. The deputies were quickly overpowered, the sale stopped, and to clinch matters the attorney for the creditor was spirited away in an automobile. The sheriff added his plea to that of Sheriff Rippey by demanding state militia be dispatched to Crawford County.

Some Iowa officials had previously prepared necessary orders to National Guard commanders, and proclamations had already been written with only county names left blank. Early on April 28, Governor Herring declared martial law in Plymouth County; Crawford County was added in the afternoon. By the following morning 220 militiamen were encamped in Lemars, and a similar contingent was on the way to Denison. By evening five participants had been arrested in both places, and the Shields chattels sold with bayonet-wielding guardsmen supervising the proceedings. Prisoners were held in cage-like stockades, while dragnet operations were instituted to bring in participants and ringleaders of the three riots.

The time had come for firm and decisive restraint in Plymouth County. The presence of even a token force provided an opportunity for sober second thoughts and checked what had become a heedless rush toward anarchy. Majority opinion in the county gave strong support to the governor's action. An assistant attorney

general on the scene found business and professional people relieved by the presence of troops, and he expressed the opinion, "This spirit of revolution afflicted only 10 to 15 per cent of the county's population."

Under the Iowa constitution, the invoking of martial law required nothing less than an insurrection – and state officials set about to find evidence to support their action. Original plans were to bring charges under the criminal syndicalism and conspiracy statute of 1919, where conviction carried a ten-year prison sentence. A military court of inquiry began assembling evidence, and it seemed likely that trials would be by court martial unless civil courts were specifically opened by the governor. Fifty-seven persons were in custody in Plymouth County by May 1. All arrested were subjected to extensive interrogation by state attorneys and national-guard officers.

The alleged role of the Communist party had a prominent part in the inquiries. Major General Park A. Finley, in command at Denison, attributed the whole upheaval to Communist activities in northwest Iowa during the preceding year. One farmer arrested at Denison, suspected of Communist affiliations, emerged bruised and bloody from his interrogation by military officers. On the evening of May 1, guardsmen raided the tiny Communist headquarters in Sioux City. Four present were arrested and the equipment confiscated. Among the literature found was an inflammatory mimeographed flyer declaring that the moratorium was a dead letter, the governor and the President slaves of the harvester trust. This single sheet probably constituted the sole Communist contribution to the immediate crisis. No further evidence materialized; all those arrested were released three days later without charges.

The prospect of the defendants being tried before a military tribunal raised serious legal issues. Clarence Darrow, the nation's leading criminal lawyer, despite his poor health and his seventy-six years, agreed to come to Iowa to assist the defense if criminal syndicalism and conspiracy were the basis of the indictments.

As hard as the military tried to find it, there was no plan for insurrection in northwest Iowa. And had this been an insurrection, the Iowa National Guard could

"No Evictions! Five Year Moratorium!" were among the slogans of the Farmers' Holliday Association. The farmers of this Deuel County, Nebraska, delegation look as though they meant it. Harry Lux is the smiling gent in the center.

not have stopped it because soldier ranks were depleted when a number took leave to attend their high school graduation exercises. One young farm lad guarded his own father.

In a few days a spirit of levity replaced the seriousness that had at first prevailed at the stockades. The prisoners pitched horseshoes, joked with the guards, and some began to see humor in the situation. "Now that was a sight," one of the prisoners related, "a bunch of old farmers lined up to take a bath with them machine guns pointed at us."

The men arrested were a cross section of Iowa farmers. Contrary to the military commission's insistence that they were mostly tenants and farmhands, not distressed owners, a systematic check in one county revealed that of ten arrested, eight were property-holders.

Criminal conspiracy charges proved unwarranted in the circumstances. Evidence collected by the military was turned over to civil courts, and on May 11 the governor revoked martial law. Faced with less stringent charges, most of the defendants received token sentences. There seemed to be a desire on the part of Governor Herring and the judiciary to erase bitter memories and to find a reasoned atmosphere for conciliation and constructive remedies. The presiding judge at Denison told the defendants as he passed sentence: "I don't think a single man who has stood before me is a bad man or a bad citizen who should be confined as a felon. I think you have got into a situation which has given you notoriety and decreased the value of your farms."

Perhaps it was not obvious by June of 1933, for there were still waning rumbles of thunder, but the worst of the rebellious storm in the farm belt had passed. A few ambitious leaders and promoters of some ideology, including the Communist, would still try to rally farmers and revive the insurgent mood of early 1933. But they would fail, for the protest movement had not been motivated by any particular ideology or by an organized plan. By late 1933 farmers might not understand all the complex workings of the new federal Agricultural Adjustment Act; they might resent production controls and grumble at bureaucratic interferences, but the New Deal farm program had eased farm credit and brought into the countryside much needed cash in the form of loans and benefit payments. This situation alone was sufficient to quell the tempestuous spirit that nourished penny auctions and Sears-Roebuck sales.

The drive against foreclosures had been a grass-roots movement of farmers desperately seeking a remedy for an intolerable condition. It is a strange anomaly that self-interest and defense of property rights led allegedly "conservative" farmers into radical defiance of law and order.

This article has been adapted by the author from his forthcoming book, *Corn Belt Rebellion: The Farmers' Holiday Association*, to be published in December by the University of Illinois Press. In his study of rural unrest in the depression, the author has drawn extensively upon newspaper sources in the Middle West, interviews with eighteen surviving participants in the farm strikes and penny auctions; he has utilized the correspondence files of Milo Reno of various political leaders including President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Governor Clyde Herring of Iowa, and of the Farmers' National Committee for Action, the Communist front farm organization of the thirties. The author has discussed other aspects of the farm problem of the thirties in articles in *Nebraska History*, *Agricultural History*, and the *Journal of American History*.

The national guard comes to Lemars, Iowa *April 1933*

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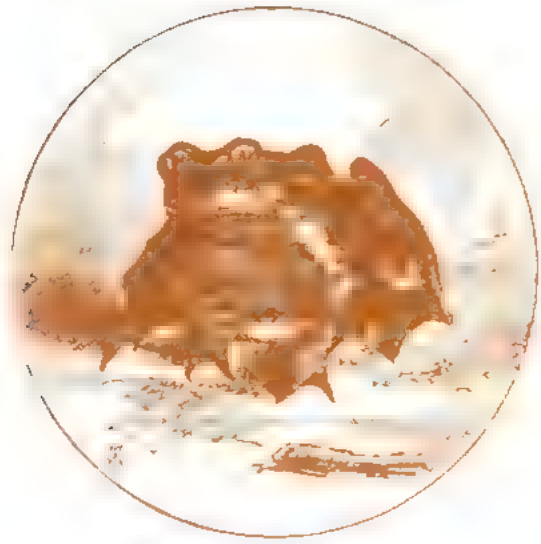


The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County

BY MARK TWAIN

With an Introduction by J. Golden Taylor

"The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" is one of the most widely acclaimed pieces of Western Americana, and it has now delighted millions of readers all over the world for exactly a century. Such fame is somewhat of a phenomenon considering that Mark Twain at first apparently had in mind no such life span for this humorous "squib," as he called it, which was written to please Artemus Ward. But the Jumping Frog is something more than a burst of superficial funniness. It has, what Mark Twain knew the best humorous writing so often has, an ironically scintillating surface story flowing with a deep undercurrent of some serious human concern. Twain's understanding of humor is borne out in practice in his masterpiece, *Huckleberry Finn*, as it is in his 1906 autobiographical dictation wherein he said: "Humor must not professedly teach, and it must not professedly preach, but it must do both if it would live forever. By forever, I mean thirty years."

The literary significance of the Jumping Frog lies in the authenticity and artistry with which a humorous incident in an early western mining camp is made to yield fable-like insights into certain universal traits in human nature, and it may still be what James Russell Lowell pronounced it when it first appeared, "the finest piece of humorous writing yet produced in America." Of considerable historic significance is the fact that through its publication Samuel Clemens found an audience — and himself — and thus became Mark Twain.

The amusing tale of a certain Coleman and his fiasco with his frog and a stranger at Angels Camp, Calaveras County, California, on a spring day in 1849 had worked its way into the folklore of the region and had actually been published in several versions in newspapers between 1853 and 1858. But Mark Twain had apparently

never heard the story until he went to stay with Jim Gillis at his cabin on Jackass Hill in the Mother Lode country. Gillis, with all his love of solitude, was an interesting companion, a keen observer of the human spectacle, and a fine storyteller. He told Mark Twain innumerable tales and, as a respite from weather and work, took him to Angels Camp for refreshment and entertainment — and to hear Ben Coon, a former river pilot who at that time frequented the barrooms and regaled whoever would listen with tall tales. Twain recorded in his Notebook about February 1, 1865, the rudiments of Coon's story of the Jumping Frog: "Coleman with his jumping frog — bet a stranger $50. — Stranger had no frog and C. got him one. — In the meantime stranger filled C's frog full of shot and he couldn't jump. The stranger's frog won."

Returning to San Francisco on February 25, 1865, from his three-month interlude in the mountains, Twain resumed his writing for newspapers, physically refreshed and with an interesting stock of new literary materials. He recalled some forty years later:

> When Artemus Ward passed through California on a lecturing tour in 1865 or '66, I told him the "Jumping Frog" story in San Francisco and he asked me to write it out and send it to his publisher, Carleton, in New York, to be used in padding out a small book which Artemus had prepared for the press and which needed some more stuffing to make it big enough for the price which was to be charged for it.

In a letter at the time, Twain wrote to his mother that "it reached New York too late to appear in his book"; yet in his later years he remembered:

> It reached Carleton in time, but he didn't think much of it and was not willing to go to the typesetting expense of adding it to the book. He did not put it in the wastebasket, but made Henry Clapp a present of it, and Clapp used it to help out the funeral of his dying literary journal, *The Saturday Press*.

Elsewhere Twain noted in a similar vein that the Jumping Frog story "killed" it. In ink over the original Notebook entry of the plot, he wrote later: "Wrote this story for Artemus — his idiot publisher gave it to Clapp's *Saturday Press*."

The Jumping Frog story is indeed the result of a favorable concatenation of incidents. Mark Twain would never have sought refuge on Jackass Hill and heard the tale in Angels Camp if he had not gotten into trouble with the San Francisco Police and found it expedient to seek a safe retreat. In a series of newspaper articles for the *Territorial Enterprise*, Virginia City, Nevada, he had exposed and denounced in most outspoken language important San Francisco officials, especially the police department, for their corruption. Added impetus for Twain's leaving San Francisco arose from the fact that he was bailsman for his pugnacious friend, Steve Gillis, who after battering a burly bartender — a personal friend of the chief of police — had thought it best to leave Twain to assume the consequences and had secretly removed himself from the scene.

The publication of "Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog" by the *Saturday Press* in New York City on November 18, 1865, must be accounted one of the happy accidents in American literary history. Up to this time Samuel Clemens had achieved only a local, western reputation for the audacity, descriptive power, and humor of his sketches in the various papers in San Francisco and what was essentially its eastern suburb, Virginia City, Nevada. At thirty years of age he had worked his way through several apprenticeships including printer, river pilot, frontier journalist, and prospector. Though he had been a "scribbler" of local items and sketches since he was sixteen for papers in Hannibal, Keokuk, and New Orleans, and though he could write in 1866 " . . . I am generally placed at the head of my breed of scribblers in this part of the country," there was no indication in anything he had written before the Jumping Frog that he was destined to become a major writer or that "Mark Twain" was to become the most famous pen name in American literature.

The surprise and delight with which the Jumping Frog was received in the East is shown in his clipping from the San Francisco *Alta* submitted by its New York correspondent:

> Mark Twain's story in the *Saturday Press* of November 18th, called "Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog," has set all New York in a roar, and he may be said to have made his mark. I have been asked fifty times about it and its author, and the papers are copying it far and near. It is voted the best thing of the day. Cannot the Californian afford to keep Mark all to itself? It should not let him scintillate so widely without first being filtered through the California press.

One month later, December 16, 1865, the Frog was published in the *Californian*, under the editorship of Bret Harte. Of its first appearance Albert Bigelow Paine wrote:

> It brought the name of Mark Twain across the mountains, bore it up and down the Atlantic coast, and out over the

prairies to the Middle West. . . . Now everyone who took a newspaper was treated to the tale of the wonderful Calaveras frog and received a mental impress of the author's signature. The name Mark Twain became hardly an institution, as yet, but it made a strong bid for national acceptance.

Within a year and a half Mark Twain's popularity had grown to such proportions that Charles Henry Webb, Mark Twain's enthusiastic western friend and founder of the *Californian*, arranged to bring out *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches* (May 1, 1867). This book, as Paine says, was "printed by John A. Gray & Green, the old firm for which the boy Sam Clemens had set type thirteen years before. The title page bore Webb's name as publisher, with the American News Company as selling agents." Webb, acting also as editor of the volume under the pseudonym of "John Paul," wrote in an introductory note: "Mark Twain is too well known to the public to require a formal introduction at my hands. By his story of the *Frog* he scaled the heights of popularity at a single jump and won for himself the *sobriquet* of The Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope."

Although in writing his "Private History of the 'Jumping Frog' Story" in 1894 Mark Twain could look back almost thirty years and acknowledge that "the 'Jumping Frog' was the first piece of writing of mine that spread itself through the newspapers and brought me into public notice," there is evidence that from the first he had definite misgivings about the quality of the story and the kind of reputation it had given him. As soon as he received word that the story had been published, he wrote to his mother and sister in St. Louis: "To think that, after writing many an article a man might be excused for thinking tolerably good, those New York people should single out a villainous backwoods sketch to compliment me on!"

When the Jumping Frog appeared in book form, Twain revealed in a letter to his mother that he still had no very high opinion of it: "As for the Frog book, I don't believe it will ever pay anything worth a cent. I published it simply to advertise myself, and not with the hope of making anything out of it." He wrote also to Bret Harte about it at this time with more ambiguity than enthusiasm: "The book is out and it is handsome. It is full of damnable errors of grammar and deadly inconsistencies of spelling in the Frog sketch, because I was away and did not read the proofs; but be a friend and say nothing about these things. When my hurry is over, I will send you a copy to pisen the children with."

It is pretty hard for an author, no matter how high his literary attainments, to remain disdainful of an early work (whatever its faults, real or imaginary) which was the foundation on which he built his fame. Mark Twain, who was notoriously incapable of recognizing his best work, went through such a change toward the Jumping Frog. When in 1888 he chanced to meet George W. Carleton — who had *twice* refused to publish the Jumping Frog — he had had some time to upgrade the story while "in fancy" all these years he had devised "increasingly malignant ways" of taking Carleton's life. In this autobiographical passage of the 1906 dictation which DeVoto selected for inclusion in *Mark Twain in Eruption*, Twain gives convincing proof that he has finally accepted the Jumping Frog as a legitimate member of the family. After telling how he was superciliously dismissed by Carleton who had refused to publish the Jumping Frog book, he continues:

Twenty-one years elapsed before I saw Carleton again. I was then sojourning with my family at the Schweizerhof, in Lucerne. He called on me, shook hands cordially, and said at once without any preliminaries, "I am substantially an obscure person, but I have a couple of such colossal distinctions to my credit that I am entitled to immortality — to wit: I refused a book of yours and for this I stand without competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century.

Two amusing adventures Twain had with the Jumping Frog resulted from its being translated into French and Greek. Someone showed him an article dealing with American humorists in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 15, 1872, which said "all manner of kind and complimentary things" about him. But then the author, Theodore Bentzon (who wrote under the pen name of Madame Blanc), went on to translate the Jumping Frog into French as "La Grenouille Sauteuse du Comté de Calaveras." Mark Twain was greatly pleased by all this but could not forego the amusement of pretending the translation had ruined his story for its French readers. So he wrote an article, "The Jumping Frog" (included in his *Sketches New and Old*, 1875), feigning the grave injury done him by this translation. To make his point he presented the Jumping Frog as it was originally published (but here entitled "The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"), then the French translation, and finally the version, as he said, "clawed back into a civilized language once more by patient, unremunerated

toil." The result is an astonishing tour de force in the literal translation of the French idiom.

Likely the most perplexing adventure Mark Twain had with the Jumping Frog was in being told by Professor Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, in 1894, that "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" was based on an early Greek tale at least two thousand years old. He presented as his authority a book by Professor Henry Sidgwick, *Greek Prose Composition*, which did actually contain a story entitled "The Athenian and his Frog," an exact duplicate of the plot Mark Twain had heard from Ben Coon and used in his own story. Twain was left in a state of consternation until he met, five years later, Professor Sidgwick, who explained that he had summarized and translated Mark Twain's story into Greek because it was so similar in form to the early Greek tales. Its appearance in a volume with genuine Greek prose gave the impression that it also was authentic, but Sidgwick explained to Mark Twain that he had not thought it necessary to give credit for a story so well known. What must have been Mark Twain's reaction upon discovering that his Ugly Frogling from the West had actually deceived the elect with the Greek beauty of its form!

The Jumping Frog is a notable artistic achievement primarily because of the skill with which Mark Twain devised the structure and developed important humorous techniques beyond the rudimentary Notebook entry of the folk tale he had heard. His most important innovation was the invention of the narrative framework for the frog episode in which an unnamed narrator (a sort of *persona* for Mark Twain himself) is used. The use of vernacular language (which is humorous in the disparity between its varied linguistic anomalies and standard American speech) is here believable and unusually effective because it does not depend on the mere malapropisms and bizarre misspellings characteristic of Harte, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, or Lowell, who were considered among the best of the time. By the sustained use of a high-quality vernacular as the vehicle of his story, Mark Twain here anticipates by almost twenty years his preeminent achievement with this technique in *Huck Finn*, a work which virtually inaugurated modern American literature.

Besides functioning as a part of the frame, senile garrulity is well developed here as a separate humorous technique. The incoherent reminiscences of old Wheeler with his hopscotch mind are the ludicrous extreme from man's vaunted "god-like reason"; and Mark Twain also went on to use this technique in his later writing, notably in his tale of Jim Blaine and his grandfather's old ram in *Roughing It*. Finally the story is built upon the fundamentally humorous device of paradox: here, the idea that pride, for example, does not actually reflect a strength — as its possessor supposes — but a weakness. Mark Twain employs it here to achieve a sort of parabolic enactment of the very ancient idea that "pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." — (Proverbs 16:18). Mark Twain (who in his more pessimistic later years liked to make caustic commentaries on "the damned lousy human race") is here content to smile with only a mild cynicism at his country bumpkin's prideful self-assurance about frogs and to show how this pride blinds him to caution and even good sense.

There are those who might agree with DeVoto who wrote of the Jumping Frog in 1932:

> The story is an accomplished masterpiece, . . . but no one will ever laugh at it again as all America, in the actual presence of the life it wrought with, laughed at it in the closing weeks of 1865. . . . A quieter pleasure takes the place of that excitement

But there is much in American life today that belies this strange assertion. Angels Camp, for instance, a century after Mark Twain put it on the map with his story, has now become the home of an international frog-jumping contest — billed as "America's Truly Original Celebration" — complete with "frog-skin" money and a real one-thousand-dollar prize for a jump that beats the world's record of seventeen feet, one and one-half inches. It looks as if Mark Twain's Jumping Frog is launched upon a brave new youth for a second hundred years — though he might well be surprised at the form the reincarnation has taken.

Having known the story for some forty years, I have to remind myself that there are individuals who have not read "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" at all, and many, no doubt, who have not read it well. I would suggest that it can be read and reread with much pleasure and perhaps with a perception of new dimensions of human insight such as only superior humor can convey.

In the hundred years since its first appearance, the Jumping Frog has had several versions and many printings. The version printed here is from the Californian, *December 16, 1865 (the first in the Far West). All illustrations are taken from* Mark Twain's Sketches, New and Old *(Hartford, Connecticut, and Chicago, Illinois, 1875).*

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

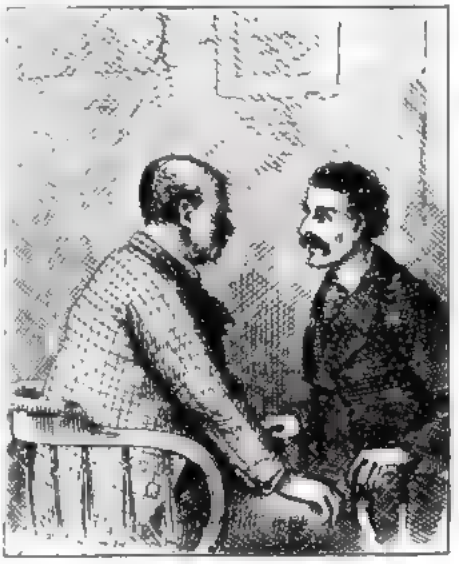
BY MARK TWAIN

[The *Saturday Press* introduces this sketch in the following complimentary manner: "We give up the principal portion of our editorial space to-day, to an exquisitely humorous sketch—'Jim and his Jumping Frog'—by Mark Twain, who will shortly become a regular contributor to our columns. Mark Twain is the assumed name of a writer in California who has long been a favorite contributor to the San Francisco Press, from which his articles have been so extensively copied as to make him nearly as well known as Artemus Ward."]

MR. A. WARD—DEAR SIR: Well, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and I inquired after your friend Leonidas W. Greeley, as you requested me to do, and I hereunto append the result. If you can get any information out of it you are cordially welcome to it. I have a lurking suspicion that your Leonidas W. Greeley is a myth—that you never knew such a personage, and that you only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Greeley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was your design, Mr. Ward, it will gratify you to know that it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Greeley—Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley—a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair—and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he turned the initial sentence, he never betrayed



the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm—but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Greeley, in the winter of '49 or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, some how, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side, and if he couldn't he'd change sides—any way that suited the other man would suit *him*—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still, he was lucky—uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but that that feller'd offer to bet on it—and take any side you please, as I was just telling you: if there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first—or if there was a camp-meeting he would be there reglar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man: if he even see a straddle-bug start to go any wheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Greeley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick, once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in and Greeley asked

how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessings of Providence she'd get well yet—and Greeley, before he thought, says: "Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Greeley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yard's start ,and then pass her under way; but always at the tag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and spraddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him, you'd think he warn't worth a cent, but to set around and look onery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was put on him he was a different dog—his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the for'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up—and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog just by the joint of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Greeley always came out winner on that pup till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Greeley a look as much to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece, and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out

Well, thish-yer Greeley had rat-tarriers and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all them kinds of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he cal'lated to educate him: and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Greeley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him send Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out "Flies! Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid

as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightforard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair-and-square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Greeley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Greeley was monstrous proud of his frog and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see

Well, Greeley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says

'What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Greeley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so' tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Greeley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for *one* thing I should judge—he can out-jump ary frog in Calaveras County."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Greeley and says, very deliberate, 'Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't" Greeley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can out jump ary frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well—I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog—but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Greeley says, "That's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog;" and so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Greeley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin— and set him on the floor. Greeley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and gave him to this feller and says:

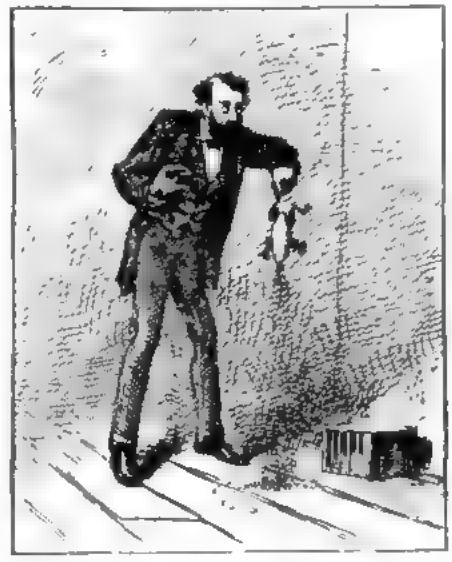
"Now if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "one—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wa'nt no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Greeley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way— at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate: "Well—*I* don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Greeley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow," and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weight five pound," and turned him upside down, and he belched out about a double-handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front-yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said "Just set where you are stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Greeley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley, and so I started away.



At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and *recommenced:*

"Well, thish-yer Greeley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail only just a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"O, curse Greeley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

Yours, truly

MARK TWAIN

About the Authors

Wallace Stegner, *well-known novelist and short-story writer, is professor of English and director of the creative writing program at Stanford University. His most recent book is* The Gathering of Zion: The Story of the Mormon Trail *(New York, 1964). A personal friend of the late Bernard DeVoto, Dr. Stegner is the custodian of the DeVoto Papers at the Stanford University Library.*

Roger R. Olmsted, *graphics editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *first became interested in the cable car when he helped plan the Transportation Museum which the state of California plans to install at Aquatic Park, San Francisco. As a result of this affiliation, he wrote a T V show on the history of San Francisco transportation.*

Philip W. Sultz *was a student at Cranbrook Academy of Art and the Albright Art School. He has taught at the Kansas City Art Institute and the Rhode Island School of Design. He came west nine years ago to man a lookout in Grand Teton National Park during one summer, and after three additional seasons as a patrol ranger, began research on pioneer life and architecture.*

Ted Yates, *television producer for the National Broadcasting Company, wrote "Since Lewis and Clark" at the special request of the editors of* THE AMERICAN WEST. *In the literature of conservation, his is a unique and eloquent voice. As producer and director of the much-acclaimed documentary film, "Lewis and Clark" (shown as a color special on N.B.C. television, February 23, 1965), Yates spent eight weeks on the Lewis and Clark route and saw first hand the vandalism that has swept across America "in the name of progress."*

Neal Lambert *is a candidate for the doctorate degree in English at the University of Utah and is a member of the English staff of Weber State College, Ogden.*

Mitchell A. Wilder *has previously contributed to* THE AMERICAN WEST. *He has been affiliated with various museums around the country and recently has done widespread museum program studies. He is currently director of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art and is the author of* Santos: The Religious Folk Art of New Mexico *(Colorado Springs, 1943).*

Robert A. Weinstein *is a research associate in western history for the Los Angeles County Museum and special consultant on photographic archives and history to the special collections department of the library of the University of California at Los Angeles. He is also graphics editor for* THE AMERICAN WEST.

John L. Shover *is an associate professor of history at San Francisco State College. His book,* Corn Belt Rebellion: The Farmers' Holiday Association, *will be published in December 1965 by the University of Illinois Press. Previous articles by the author dealing with rural unrest in the 1930's have appeared in the* Journal of American History, Agricultural History, *and* Nebraska History.

J. Golden Taylor *is professor of English at Utah State University, Logan, where he has such varied special teaching and research interests as puritanism, transcendentalism, literature of the American West, and the Bible as literature. He is currently at work on a collection of representative stories of the American West.*

Ray Allen Billington, *currently senior research associate at the Huntington Library, was professor of history for many years at Northwestern University and served as the first president of the Western History Association.*

Harvey L. Carter *is professor of history at Colorado College, Colorado Springs. He has been curator of the Archer B. Hulbert Memorial Collection of Western Americana at Colorado College since 1960. His latest book is* The Far West in History *published in 1960.*

WESTERN BOOKS

The Pacific Slope

■ THE PACIFIC SLOPE: A HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON, IDAHO, UTAH, AND NEVADA. **By Earl Pomeroy** *(New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1965. 403 pp., illus., map, notes on further reading, index, $8.95).*

A vogue seems to be evolving in historical treatment of the American West. The new millions migrating westward are seized with fits of self-examination. Historians have begun to feel the impact of the new westerners' quest to understand their new-found heritage.

The transplant from Westchester County or Evanston is not satisfied to read only of Winchester rifles and Apache raids, not even of the Oregon Trail and the Comstock Lode. When he reads history, he is seeking links with the sub-nation which he sees shaping around him today in the West. He wants to understand more of why he is here and why others came before him. The urban crises of the West Coast, accentuated by extremely rapid growth, have come to provoke a kind of total involvement by the citizen with past and future: we have not seen the like of it before in America.

What has migration done to the West? What has the West done to the migrants? Since the fact of numerical deluge is of overwhelming urgency along the Pacific Coast these days, the historian is asked — as are the men of every discipline now — to offer answers to contemporary questions.

Fortunately there are historians like Earl Pomeroy writing books. He has ranged from his chair as Beekman Professor of History at the University of Oregon to become involved in this new West, whatever it is. As conferee and lecturer, he has grappled. So it is no surprise that his new book, a master opus which has been a decade in the building, emerges as modern history.

"This is not to disparage romantic history," he writes, "but merely to note that I have not written it."

He moves briskly through the relatively familiar era of the pioneer West, then digs in at treacherous thresholds where many historians balk. Here are Hiram Johnson and William E. Borah, Tom Mooney and the McNamara brothers, Hearst and Harrison Gray Otis. By page 54, the gold rush is ended. Then Pomeroy strides on through the political and economic heritage of the Pacific states and probes the origins of the urban metropolises which have grown so rapidly to dominate the region: "Los Angeles seemed to defy all the laws of municipal gravity and growth. . . . [It] belonged to a new century and a new calculus of urban development."

One of Pomeroy's most ingenuous chapters is about the frustrations and debacles of westerners in their search for culture and acclaim. "This portion of the world has steep hills," John S. Hittell wrote of San Francisco in 1863, "and a man on the down track moves very rapidly."

Pomeroy moves on to illuminate the progressive movement, the relapse into fundamentalism between the World Wars, the maturing of western attitudes toward the region and the rest of the world. "The West," he aptly concludes, "became a gateway to the future of America rather than to lands beyond."

In three final chapters, which understandably are the spottiest of the book, Pomeroy assays the contemporary status of the Pacific slope. He is at his best here in a chapter on "The Changing Outdoors," which harks back to a delightful little Pomeroy book, *In Search of the Golden West: The Tourist in Western America* (New York, 1957). Unfortunately, he has confined himself largely to discussions of western tourism rather than the current awakening of wide-spectrum concern over

preservation of natural esthetics, one of the dominant cultural trends of our time.

Historians may quibble over whether this volume lives up to its billing as "a history of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, and Nevada"; but no one can deny that Pomeroy has written western history vividly. In leaning toward the contemporary and interpretative, he has lived dangerously. But isn't that in the purest tradition of the West?

Neil Morgan, San Diego

■ RUSSIA'S HAWAIIAN ADVENTURE, 1815-1817. **By Richard A. Pierce** *(Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1965. 245 pp., notes, biblio., index, $5.50).*

A scholarly reconstruction of the attempt by the German surgeon and adventurer, Georg Anton Schaffer, to engineer Russian annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. The larger part of the book is taken up with pertinent documents.

■ THE NEVADA ADVENTURE: A HISTORY. **By James W. Hulse.** *Illustrations by Don Kerr (Reno, University of Nevada Press, 1965. 290 pp., illus., index, $7.50).*

Among the first publications of the University of Nevada Press, this book is a broad summary from prehistoric times to the atomic age.

■ THE WILD BUNCH AT ROBBERS ROOST. **By Pearl Baker.** *Great West and Indian Series, XXIX (Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1965. 255 pp., illus., index, $7.50).*

Robbers Roost overlooks a wild tangle of canyons just east of the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers in Utah. It was a natural hangout for outlaws who lived off their fellow men on both sides of the Colorado. Daughter of a respectable cattleman, the author lived at the Roost for many years, and she writes from first-hand knowledge and from recorded fact of the outlaws who made the Roost their home from the 1870's to the opening of the new century.

■ THE DESTRUCTION OF CALIFORNIA. **By Raymond F. Dasmann.** *(New York, Macmillan, 1965. 247 pp., refs., index, $5.95).*

This is a balanced and responsible indictment of the irresponsible destruction of one of the fairest of landscapes. Professor Dasmann goes back to the arrival of the first settlers and carries his story up to the present age of monstrosity. He pleads for overall planned conservation to prevent further despoilation.

The Great West

■ BURLINGTON ROUTE: A HISTORY OF THE BURLINGTON LINES. **By Richard C. Overton** *(New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1965. 623 pp., illus., chron., notes, biblio., index, $10.00).*

From Chicago to Denver, from Minneapolis to Paducah, from Billings to Galveston on the Gulf — such sweeps may be used to describe the Burlington Route. Officially, it is the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad with predecessors dating back to 1849, and, including its Colorado & Southern system, the rail lines today span more than ten thousand miles.

The Burlington has given names to the industry now legendary; in more recent years, it has been a training ground for men destined to be presidents of other railroads. Financially, it has always been a symbol of solidarity; since its stock was purchased by the Great Northern Railway and the Northern Pacific Railway in 1901, Burlington dividends contributed mightily to the well-being of its two parents and helped them maintain solvency during the dark years of the early 1930's.

If a reader is seeking a railroad history full of tales of nostalgic runs of "Old 98" or narrow-gauge trains creeping over spindly trestles into mining camps long since deserted, let him look elsewhere. If a solid, well-written history, giving honest, factual answers free of "switch-shanty gossip," is the goal, then this is the book to completely satisfy the reader. Consisting of over six hundred pages, plus a fine forty-page index, the volume offers many hours of fascinating reading.

The author, Richard C. Overton, dean of contemporary western railroad historians, writes this book under unusually favorable circumstances for which students in this and future generations will be grateful. Although not to be minimized as trial runs, Dr. Overton's previous books on the Burlington have given him the invaluable advantage of having retrospect of his own writings, a privilege usually limited only to later researchers. Unrestricted access to a mountain of records and his academic experience have resulted in exception-

ally complete railroad history. By happy coincidence, Dr. Overton has included much material relating to the federal government and the railroads, with the Burlington as the example. This reviewer's only regret is that Dr. Overton has not undertaken the same task for other western railroads.

David F. Myrick, San Francisco

■ IDOL OF THE WEST: THE FABULOUS CAREER OF ROLLIN MALLORY DAGGETT. **By Francis Phelps Weisenburger** *(Syracuse, New York, Syracuse University Press, 1965. 220 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $6.95).*

A native of New York State, Daggett went west and followed the frontier with a profound zest for life. Professor Weisenburger has written a scholarly biography of a man who at nineteen rushed to California after gold. He settled in San Francisco and co-founded the *Golden Era,* a distinguished literary magazine. The mines in Washoe enticed him to Nevada, and there he joined the staff of the *Territorial Enterprise* where he became a good friend of Mark Twain. Daggett later served as a lone congressman from Nevada and as American minister to the Hawaiian Islands. His charm and talent and personal magnetism won him friends wherever he went. Bernard DeVoto called him a "complete idol of the West."

■ OLD GREENWOOD: THE STORY OF CALEB GREENWOOD, TRAPPER, PATHFINDER, AND EARLY PIONEER. **By Charles Kelly and Dale Morgan.** *Limited edition of 750 copies (rev. ed., Georgetown, California, Talisman Press, 1965. 359 pp., illus., map, app., biblio., note, index, $8.50).*

With the assistance of Dale Morgan, Kelly has revised completely his 1936 work on Caleb Greenwood. Much new material has come to light on Greenwood's early life in the fur trade, his role in the overland emigration to California, 1844-45, and later, his part in the relief of the Donner party, and his life in the gold fields of California. An appendix of related narratives and documents is included.

■ THE LAME CAPTAIN: THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PEGLEG SMITH. **By Sardis W. Templeton.** *Great West and Indian Series, XXVIII (Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1965. 239 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.50).*

Pegleg Smith bulks large in the western legend, 1820-50—mountain man, squaw man, horse thief extraordinary, original locator of mines since lost, and frontier swashbuckler from St. Louis to San Francisco. Using a variety of sources from primary documents to news stories, Templeton has found the real man to be more amazing than the legend.

Southwest

■ LANCERS FOR THE KING: A STUDY OF THE FRONTIER MILITARY SYSTEM OF NORTHERN NEW SPAIN, WITH A TRANSLATION OF THE ROYAL REGULATIONS OF 1772. **By Sidney B. Brinckerhoff and Odie B. Faulk.** *Foreword by Kieran McCarty, O F.M. (Phoenix, Arizona Historical Foundation, 1965. 128 pp., illus., maps, apps., biblio., index, $8.50 cloth, $20.00 leather).*

Many aspects of the frontier history of Spain in America have received little sustained attention. This is particularly true of the less dramatic subjects of everyday life, social organization, education, and military structure. *Lancers for the King* is an attempt to shed light upon the latter during the last half of the eighteenth century.

It is quite obvious that in producing this book the Arizona Historical Foundation sought to issue a volume which would be valued as a collector's item as well as for its informative and scholarly value. In this they certainly succeeded, for it is a beautiful book with very fine illustrations depicting soldiers' uniforms, weapons, and reconstructions of the Janos and Tubac presidios.

Lancers for the King offers a brief general history of Spain's northern frontier, a translation of the Royal Regulations of 1772 (a rather detailed list of administrative procedures to be followed by military officials along the northern frontier) coupled with explanatory notes, and an analysis of the frontier military system prepared by the authors. Illustrations of uniforms, arms, and a map of the northern frontier will be of interest to specialists as well as to general readers.

The authors' appraisal of the "Spanish Military System in the Interior Provinces" is a fine piece of analysis and offers a number of good observations on the difficulties faced along the frontier, particularly during the 1770's. It also offers explanations as to why the Spanish Empire was unable to subdue and control the various indigenous groups of that region.

The authors' analysis does have several weaknesses, among which is an understandable emphasis upon the purely military aspects of the Hispano-Indian confrontation. Interethnic relations along a frontier are very seldom to be understood solely in military terms, and some attention might have been given to the factors which were responsible for continued native hostility (economic, for example), and to the sociocultural milieu in which the soldiers operated. It is not without significance, also, that many soldiers (from as early as ca. 1580) were full-blood Indians, while a high percentage were of part-African extraction (by the eighteenth century). Is it not to be expected that these non-European soldiers (including the *mestizos* mentioned by the authors) would possess a different attitude toward both overall strategy and tactics than their peninsular or Creole officers? Certainly their attitudes toward the Empire and its goals must have been quite different from that of an educated *Gachupín*.

Lancers for the King is indeed a beautiful book. Let us hope that it serves as a stimulus for further research in Hispano-Mexican southwestern history.

Jack D. Forbes, University of Nevada

■ WARRIORS OF THE COLORADO: THE YUMAS OF THE QUECHAN NATION AND THEIR NEIGHBORS. **By Jack D. Forbes** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 378 pp., illus., maps, gloss., app., biblio., index, $5.95).*

Writing the history of an Indian tribe is very similar to putting together a puzzle whose parts are not all there. The Indians did not record the details of their past, nor did their chieftains keep diaries or file tribal memos and bulletins. For those years when no outsiders visited the tribe and wrote down observations, the historian must make educated guesses, draw inferences, and use his ingenuity to bridge the gaps. Jack D. Forbes has done all these things. He has made a careful search for archival materials, and he has used guesses, inferences, and ingenuity in completing the picture. His history of the Yuma Indians is a story that needed writing.

The Yumas stood at one of the great natural crossroads of the Southwest — the juncture of the Gila and Colorado rivers. To their land came Spanish explorers and would-be settlers, Mexican and American soldiers, fur trappers and argonauts. From their homes the Yumas witnessed the passing of Hernando de Alarcón, Melchoir Díaz, Juan Bautista de Anza, José Romero, James Ohio Pattie, Stephen W. Kearny, Philip St. George Cooke, and Samuel P. Heintzelman; and they listened to the exhortations of Fathers Eusebio Francisco Kino and Francisco Garcés. The Yumas had an influence on southwestern history far out of proportion to their small numbers — according to Forbes, their greatest strength was in 1700 when there were forty-six hundred of them. The Yumas fought for their homeland and their way of life with a savage tenacity, only to lose eventually to the aggressive American pioneers — who have perpetuated the memory of the tribe in the name of the town.

Forbes is at his best when describing Indian-Spanish relations and the bravery with which the Yumas resisted enslavement. He is at his worst when editorializing on the plight of the mistreated but noble savage. And the book closes with a jerk rather than smoothly; events between the permanent founding of Fort Yuma (1852) and the establishment of a Yuma reservation (1883) are treated in far too few pages.

This book is not to be dismissed lightly, however. It is a genuine contribution worthy of notice both by historians and by the reading public. Too often in the past historians have been inclined to overlook — or, even worse, to dismiss as inconsequential — the contributions of other disciplines. Here in this work Forbes has combined the approaches of the historian with those of the anthropologist to produce a very worthwhile book, one that is factual yet extremely readable — and this is all too rare.

Odie B. Faulk, Research Historian
Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

■ RANALD S. MACKENZIE ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER. **By Ernest Wallace** *(Lubbock, West Texas Museum Association, 1965. 214 pp., illus., maps, index, $6.50 cloth — limited edition of 525 copies, $5.00 paper).*

The biography of General Ranald S. Mackenzie, the enigmatic, dedicated and dashing cavalryman, who rose rapidly in the ranks to general officer and then died in his forty-eighth year, is a book long overdue.

Dr. Wallace has treated his subject objectively, with a sympathy and understanding, yet he has not glossed his subject. The book is a welcome addition to the history of the South Plains campaigns and military activities along the Rio Grande in which Mackenzie played a leading part. The author is to be commended on his

meticulous and careful research and documentation from basic sources.

Though a novice in plains warfare, Mackenzie quickly profited by trial and error until the Fourth Cavalry was one of the army's crack regiments favored by both Grant and Sheridan. To the casual reader as well as the student, the book is a historical contribution on the subjugation of the Comanches, Kiowas and Southern Cheyennes, written in a pleasant, readable style. Besides portraits of Mackenzie, two excellent maps are included which are of material aid in following the text. A bibliography would have been helpful, however. Several names are misspelled, and the interpretation of Custer's activities on the Little Big Horn is questionable on several points.

To the reader and collector of frontier Americana, the biography of the spirited Ranald S. Mackenzie will be greeted as an important book.

Robert A. Griffen, Reno, Nevada

■ A PORTRAIT OF PANCHO: THE LIFE OF A GREAT TEXAN, J. FRANK DOBIE. **By Winston Bode** *(Austin, Pemberton Press, 1965. 164 pp., illus., $6.95).*

Shortly after J. Frank Dobie's death in September 1964, Mr. Bode wrote a television documentary called "A Portrait of Pancho." His book is an extension of the television script. Since the text is limited to sixty pages, and the remaining 104 pages are devoted to photographs, the book in a very real sense follows closely the techniques of the original television program. Thus, the book is a portrait, as the title proclaims, rather than a biography or a literary study.

Dobie was many things to his fellow Texans — teacher, writer, talker, crusader, gatherer of regional lore, and protector of tradition. He was a maverick or, in a sense, a rebellious boy who never grew up. As such, he was envied by all those people who could not get away with the same kind of behavior. Whether Dobie was a deliberate cracker-barrel philosopher like Robert Frost will be argued. He was certainly a Texas hero, and Texas heroes are hard to knock down.

Bode does not take a strong stand one way or the other. *A Portrait* is not the last book to be written about Dobie; it is really the first. Because of its personal, fragmentary, and anecdotal nature, it will be useful to the writers of later books on Dobie.

Bode begins his portrait by showing Dobie as a colorful character, and he closes with a quotation which bears on Dobie's genius as a writer. Dobie's books, however, are not as universally acclaimed as Mr. Bode seems to think — they have serious limitations. And so it is gratifying that Bode concentrates on J. Frank Dobie the Talker throughout most of the book. This, I think is the correct emphasis. Dobie was not consistent in his ideas. Long-winded talkers never are. But he fired off so many opinions during his lifetime that a listener or reader can always find something he agrees with or, on the other hand, something he dislikes. No one is going to be quite neutral about Dobie, and this is the fascination he holds.

We can expect more books and essays on Dobie. *A Portrait of Pancho* is both interesting and useful to have at the beginning.

John R. Milton, Director of Creative Writing, University of South Dakota

■ A STOVE-UP COWBOY'S STORY. **By James Emmit McCauley.** *Introduction by John A. Lomax. Afterword by Carl Hertzog. Drawings by Tom Lea. Range Life Series (2nd printing, Dallas, Southern Methodist University Press, 1965. 76 pp. $5.00).*

McCauley left the range in 1903 and set down his life in the saddle in unadorned, dry and witty prose. He provoked the admiration of editor, illustrator, and printer — a distinguished panel indeed. Moreover, the first edition was of the Texas Folklore Society's publications which came under the general editorship of J. Frank Dobie.

■ RAWHIDE TEXAS. **By Wayne Gard** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1965. 236 pp., illus., selected biblio., index, $5.95).*

A series of informal historical sketches of pioneer life in Texas by veteran Dallas newspaperman. Gard's essays range from Indians to weather, from plantations to doctors, and from oil to culture.

■ A COLONY ON THE MOVE: GASPAR CASTANO DE SOSA'S JOURNAL, 1590-1591. **By Albert H. Schroeder and Dan S. Matson** *(Santa Fe, School of American Research, 1965. 196 pp., illus., maps, app., biblio., index, $6.50).*

Gaspar Castaño de Sosa's complete journal, now translated into English for the first time, fills a gap in New Mexico history between the expedition of Antonio de Espejo, 1582-83, and the successful colonization carried out by Juan de Oñate in 1598. Castaño, departing

from Monclova, opened a new route into New Mexico; his journal not only documents the hardships of the *entrada* but it carries detailed descriptions of the pueblos along the northern Rio Grande. The translation was done by Matson, and Schroeder in elaborate annotations has reconstructed the route and has commented on places seen and pueblos encountered by the expedition. Detailed route maps are provided. The work is a contribution to knowledge of Spain in the Southwest.

C.G.C.

■ CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO, 1850. *Historians' Edition Series. Limited edition of 350 copies (Santa Fe, Stagecoach Press, 1965. 46 pp., $9.00).*

Once the war with Mexico was over, the New Mexicans adopted a constitution, elected officers, and sent representatives to Washington, but Congress accepted neither the document nor the representatives and set up its own conditions for admission of the territory in the Compromise of 1850. This is a reprint of the complete text of the English-language edition of the first constitution, the one repealed by Congress.

■ CABEZON: A NEW MEXICO GHOST TOWN. **By Jack D. Rittenhouse.** *Limited edition of 750 copies (Santa Fe, Stagecoach Press, 1965. 95 pp., illus., notes, $4.95).*

An entertaining and scholarly history of a little frontier town on the Rio Puerco dating back to 1767.

■ GUIDE TO THE NEW MEXICO MOUNTAINS. **By Herbert E. Ungnade** *(Denver, Sage Books, 1965. 232 pp., illus., biblio., indexes, $3.95).*

Much detailed information including climbing routes and historical data.

■ PUMPELLY'S ARIZONA: AN EXCERPT FROM "ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA" BY RAPHAEL PUMPELLY, COMPRISING THOSE CHAPTERS WHICH CONCERN THE SOUTHWEST. *Edited with an Introduction* **by Andrew Wallace.** *Preface by Will Rogers, Jr. (Tucson, Palo Verde Press, 1965. 141 pp., illus., maps, biblio. note, app., index, $6.00).*

The first chapters of Pumpelly's *Across America and Asia* relate largely to his mining experiences in Arizona, 1860-61, and constitute an important source for the history of the preterritorial period. Those chapters have been reissued in this attractive book, and the editor's introduction and notes amplify the original text.

■ EDWARD H. DAVIS AND THE INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST UNITED STATES AND NORTHWEST MEXICO: A HARVEST OF PHOTOGRAPHS, SKETCHES AND UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE INDEFATIGABLE COLLECTOR OF ARTIFACTS OF THESE BORDER INDIANS. *Arranged and edited* **by Charles Russell Quinn and Elena Quinn.** *Introduction by Carl Schaefer Dentzel. Limited edition of 500 copies (Downey, California, Elena Quinn, 1965. 224 pp., illus., biblio., index, $17.95).*

Edward H. Davis arrived in the Southwest in 1885 and thereafter spent more than fifty years visiting the border Indians, including the Luiseños, Diegueños, Seris, Huicholes, Coras, and Yaquis. He collected artifacts, recorded ceremonies, assembled ethnological material, made sketches and photographs, and wrote about his hosts. Ethnologists, historians, and others will welcome this collection of a sensitive and gifted observer.

■ MEMOIRS OF PANCHO VILLA. **By Martín Luis Guzmán.** *Translated by Virginia H. Taylor. Texas Pan-American Series (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1965. 512 pp., illus., map, publisher's addendum, index, $8.50).*

■ SOUTHWESTERN ARCHAEOLOGY. **By John C. McGregor** *(2nd ed., Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1965. 511 pp., illus., biblio., index, $9.50).*

A major revision of a work first published in 1941 incorporating the many new discoveries and additions to knowledge in a rapidly growing field of study. The second and larger part of the book is a reconstruction of the history of the southwestern Indians from earliest times to 1600. Full bibliographies cite the extensive literature of the field.

Northwest

■ THE DRY YEARS: PROHIBITION AND SOCIAL CHANGE IN WASHINGTON. **By Norman H. Clark** *(Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1965. 304 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $6.95).*

Of immediate interest is the question, "Which Washington?" The Preface explains that it is not D. C. but the state, and that the intention is to present in this microcosm the story of prohibition's rise and fall. Clark

feels that generalized histories of such movements should be based on regional studies; his following chapters make a good case for that view.

The most interested readers will be those who know Washington well enough to interpret the abundant references to persons and places. They are identified for the nonresident, but a familiarity with state history will help to hold attention on the issues; a stranger will struggle a bit to keep all the names straight.

One supposes that the basic question about prohibition is twofold: why was it enacted, and why repealed? The former is answered conventionally in terms of familiar abuses and evils, with a hint that private enterprise was at the root of these excesses in the form of competition among breweries and saloons. Reasons for repeal are not so clear but involve graft and brutality among the enforcing officers, plus a general cynicism in the whole spirit of the twenties, culminating in the Great Depression when any change seemed worth trying.

Little consideration is given to the reasons why ordinary citizens first favored prohibition, only to reverse themselves in a few years. The explanations offered here are more political than social, depicting the activities of politicians trying to win elections. More could be learned about the change of heart among voters. Also scarce, but not particularly missed, are folklore stories of moonshining, rum-running, and bootlegging. Each is mentioned, but the emphasis is on politics, legislation, and litigation.

For the most part, the writing is clear and the style superior, but a few word usages cause difficulty. In some chapters the "wets" and "drys" are designated respectively as the conservatives and radicals. Taken strictly in context, this may be accurate, but the modern reader will be confused. Considering total motives, not even "wets and drys" is correct, but at least this distinguishes between the two sets of forces. One of the clearest points in the whole account is where the author explains that the opponents were impossible to describe in a single word or phrase, each side including some incongruous allies. Here may lie the answer to prohibition's collapse when the opposition developed.

Stanley R. Davison, Western Montana College

■ EXPLORATION OF ALASKA, 1865-1900. **By Morgan B. Sherwood.** *Yale Western Americana Series, 7 (New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1965. 207 pp., illus., maps, index, $6.50).*

As Senator Ernest Gruening remarks on the jacket, this volume is "an excellent compendium of the United States government exploration in Alaska in the nineteenth century." It is indisputable that the national government outranked all other interests in the scientific study and exploration in Alaska during the last third of the nineteenth century. In the period immediately following the purchase, contrary to the writings of some political historians, discovery in Alaska kept pace with exploration elsewhere and was almost exclusively an achievement of the federal government.

Both text and illustrations (some new to the literature) of Sherwood's book point up the fact that the explorers of the Alaskan wilderness were exceedingly youthful. Henry Elliott and William Healey Dall joined the Western Union Telegraph Expedition at the ages of nineteen and twenty respectively; Dall published his monumental *Alaska and Its Resources* at twenty-five. Their leader, Robert Kennicott, was dead at thirty-one. Lieutenant H. T. Allen, whose exploration is considered by some the major effort since Lewis and Clark, was only twenty-six, and Frederick Schwatka who explored the Yukon in 1883 was the oldster at thirty-four.

For his evaluation of Petroff's translation of Father Juvenal's journal, it is unfortunate that the author relied on the analysis of the journal by Helen Shenitz, a known apologist of anything *Imperial Russian* and its captive priesthood. From all that this reviewer can gather from the quality and character of the monks sent to Alaska in that period and subsequently, and of the moral characteristics of the native women, plus their keen sense of the ridiculous, the journal rings true to me. It is asking too much to expect the reader to believe the journal was the invention of Petroff.

It is unfortunate that such an excellent book should be marred by maps that are less than useful: Map number two of western Alaska ignores the existence of the Kobuk River; map number six labeled "Southeastern Alaska" begins in the vicinity of Juneau and extends to an area just short of Copper River; map number eight labeled "Northern Alaska" has "west" at the top and serves no useful purpose since no trails or routes of explorers are indicated.

Apart from these and few insignificant criticisms, the book deserves a prominent place on any shelf of Alaskana.

E. L. Keithahn
Alaska Historical Library and Museum, Juneau

■ 40 YEARS ON THE YUKON TELEGRAPH. **By Guy Lawrence** *(Vancouver, Canada, Mitchell Press, 1965. 122 pp., app., index, $5.50).*

Guy Lawrence joined the rush to the Klondike in 1898 and in 1903 became a "Morse Man" on the Yukon telegraph, the "lifeline" that extended ninteen hundred miles from Vancouver to Dawson City. The book is a first-hand account of a little-known part of the history of the Canadian West.

■ THE JOURNALS OF CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS AND SERGEANT JOHN ORDWAY KEPT ON THE EXPEDITION OF WESTERN EXPLORATION, 1803-1806. *Edited with Introduction and Notes* **by Milo M. Quaife** *(Madison, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1965. 444 pp., index, $9.00).*

This volume, originally issued by the society in 1916, contains Lewis' journal covering his journey from Pittsburgh to River Dubois, August 30-December 10, 1803; Ordway's diary covers the entire Lewis and Clark Expedition from May 14, 1804 to September 21, 1806.

■ FIVE FUR TRADERS OF THE NORTHWEST: BEING THE NARRATIVE OF PETER POND AND THE DIARIES OF JOHN MACDONELL, ARCHIBALD N. MC LEOD, HUGH FARIES, AND THOMAS CONNOR. *Edited* **by Charles M. Gates.** *Introduction by Grace Lee Nute and new Foreword by Theodore C. Blegen (St. Paul, Minnesota Historical Society, 1965. 296 pp., maps, index, $7.25).*

This important book on the fur trade of the greater Northwest was first issued in 1933.

■ WASHINGTON: A HISTORY OF THE EVERGREEN STATE. **By Mary W. Avery** *(Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1965. 362 pp., illus., maps, suggested readings, index, $6.95).*

A revised version of the history section of the author's *History and Government of the State of Washington* issued by the same publisher in 1961.

■ URBAN DESEGREGATION: NEGRO PIONEERS AND THEIR WHITE NEIGHBORS. **By L. K. Northwood and Ernest A. T. Barth** *(Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1965. 131 pp., apps., notes, biblio., $3.95).*

A study of fifteen Seattle neighborhoods which have received their first Negro resident in the last five years.

■ THE WILD CASCADES: FORGOTTEN PARKLAND. **By Harvey Manning.** *Photographs by Ansel Adams, Philip Hyde, David Simons, Bob and Ira Spring, Clyde Thomas, John Warth, and others. Lines from Theodore Roethke. Foreword by William O. Douglas. Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series 11 (San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1965. 128 pp., map, refs., $20.00).*

An eloquent plea for a national park to protect the wilderness of the northern Cascade Range in the state of Washington. The book is distinguished by magnificent photographs and a large folding map in colors.

■ THE NAME WAS OLNEY. **By Roscoe Sheller** *(Yakima, Washington, Franklin Press, 1965. 171 pp., illus., index, $4.25).*

Biography of Nathan Olney, prominent pioneer in central Washington, 1843-66.

■ IDAHO: A STUDENTS' GUIDE TO LOCALIZED HISTORY. **By Merle W. Wells.** *Localized History Series (New York Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1965. 28 pp., 75¢ paper).*

A Western Gathering

■ ABORIGINAL AMERICAN ORATORY: THE TRADITION OF ELOQUENCE AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE UNITED STATES. **By Louis Thomas Jones.** *Introduction by Carl Schaefer Dentzel (Los Angeles, Southwest Museum, 1965. 136 pp., illus., notes, refs.).*

An appreciation of a talent little understood by the conquering white man. Numerous examples are chosen from the speeches of wise men across the continent.

■ THE SAVAGES OF AMERICA: A STUDY OF THE INDIAN AND THE IDEA OF CIVILIZATION. **By Roy Harvey Pearce** *(rev. ed., Baltimore, Johns Hopkins Press, 1965. 260 pp., frontis., index, $6.00).*

A revised edition of a profound study of savagism and civilization in American culture through the 1850's. First issued in 1953.

■ GUNS AT THE FORKS. **By Walter O'Meara.** *The American Forts Series (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, 1965. 275 pp., illus., biblio., index, $6.95).*

The world war between France and England, 1754-63, opened at the forks of the Ohio. The dramatic story of Fort Duquesne and Fort Pitt in the North American theater is the first volume in the publisher's series on the American forts.

■ THE FRENCH IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. *Edited* by **John Francis McDermott** *(Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1965. 247 pp., illus., index, $6.75).*

The early history of St. Louis and of the French in the Mississippi Valley from many aspects in fourteen papers of current research presented by scholars at a conference commemorating the founding of St. Louis by Pierre de Laclède in 1764.

■ CARTRIDGES OF THE WORLD. **By Frank C. Barnes.** *Edited by John T. Amber (Chicago, Gun Digest Company, 1965. 346 pp., illus., app., biblio., gloss., index, $5.95 paper).*

An encyclopedic reference with chapters on world military, European sporting, current and obsolete American, wildcat, and American rimfire; there are additional chapters on shot shells, paper cartridges for muzzle-loaders, primers and caps, gunpowder, projectiles, and cartridge reloading. Each cartridge is illustrated, and there are historical notes, comments, reloading data, and factory ballistics. Inasmuch as lead is one of the basic ingredients in western history, writers in the field will find here a book of hard-to-get information in an important area.

■ HENRY STARR: LAST OF THE REAL BADMEN. **By Glenn Shirley** *(New York, David McKay, 1965. 208 pp., illus., notes, index, $4.50).*

Starr began a life of crime in the Indian Territory as a saddle-and-horse bandit and lived to carry on his trade using high-powered autos. Shot through the spine on his last job in 1921, he boasted before his death that he had robbed more banks than any man in America.

■ BASALT: COLORADO MIDLAND TOWN. **By Clarence L. Danielson and Ralph W. Danielson.** *Limited edition of 1500 copies (Boulder, Colorado, Pruett Press, 1965. 373 pp., illus., map, chron., biblio., $8.00).*

History and biographical record of a small railroad community.

■ BITTERS BOTTLES. **By Richard Watson** *(Camden, New Jersey, Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1965. 304 pp., illus., app., biblio., index, $10.00).*

A near exhaustive guide for the collector with a chapter on bitters consumption, which the author describes as one of the "most successful and lengthy frauds ever perpetrated on the American people."

■ OKLAHOMA: A STUDENTS' GUIDE TO LOCALIZED HISTORY. **By A. M. Gibson.** *Localized History Series (New York, Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1965. 36 pp., 75¢ paper).*

■ KANSAS: A STUDENTS' GUIDE TO LOCALIZED HISTORY. **By Nyle H. Miller.** *Localized History Series (New York, Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1965. 32 pp., 75¢ paper).*

■ PIONEER HISTORY OF CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA, WITH WHICH IS COMBINED SOD HOUSES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAINS. **By Solomon D. Butcher.** *Introduction by Harry E. Chrisman (Denver, Sage Books, 1965. 403 pp., illus., index, $8.50).*

A new issue of two older works written by one who was a photographer first and historian second.

■ AMERICAN CITIES IN THE GROWTH OF THE NATION. **By Constance McLaughlin Green** *(reprint, New York, Harper & Row, 1965. $1.75 paper).*

St. Louis, New Orleans, Denver, Wichita, and Seattle are included.

■ CATTLE KINGS OF THE STAKED PLAINS. **By George A. Wallis** *(2nd ed. rev., Denver, Sage Books, 1965. 164 pp., illus., index, $4.00).*

■ PAWNEE BILL: A BIOGRAPHY OF MAJOR GORDON W. LILLIE. **By Glenn Shirley** *(reprint, Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1965. $1.50 paper).*

Mountain Men

● THE MOUNTAIN MEN AND THE FUR TRADE OF THE FAR WEST: BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PARTICIPANTS BY SCHOLARS OF THE SUBJECT AND WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY THE EDITOR. *Editorial supervision* by LeRoy R. Hafen. *Vol. I and II. The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West Series (Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark, 1965. Illus., $14.50 each).*

A REVIEW AND A TRIBUTE

BY RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON

In 1902, only nine years after Frederick Jackson Turner had issued the manifesto that inspired the serious study of frontier America, a young Clevelander named Arthur H. Clark launched his own publishing company with only one avowed purpose: to print books on western history that would be as handsome in appearance as they were learned in content. His degree of success can be measured by the respect with which every historian of today views the Arthur H. Clark Company. In the sixty-three years that have passed since its career was launched with the printing of three ambitious multi-volume works – *Historic Highways of America; Early Western Travels, 1748-1846;* and a series on the Philippines – "Clark Books" with their deckle-edged, uncut pages have become familiar sights on the shelves of every respectable library and every knowledgeable collector in the United States. No other publisher has contributed so generously to the literature of what Lord Bryce called the most American part of America.

Simply to recite the publications of this firm is to list a surprisingly high percentage of the most scholarly books on frontier history to appear since the turn of the century. Although individual volumes are too numerous to mention, the titles of a few of the giant sets which have emerged from its presses will recall its service to scholarship: the eleven-volume *Documentary History of American Society* (1909-10) edited by John R. Commons and others; the twelve-volume *Southwest Historical Series* (1931-43) edited by Ralph P. Bieber and LeRoy R. Hafen; the fifteen-volume *Far West and the Rockies Series* (1954-62) edited by Ann W. and LeRoy R. Hafen. To make such invaluable documents available is no mean accomplishment and reveals a devotion to history that transcends the ordinary values of the marketplace.

Arthur Clark, Sr., was devoted to historical studies. While still in Cleveland, he helped found the Mississippi Valley Historical Association; after his move to Glendale, California, in 1930, he played a leading role in establishing the *Pacific Historical Review.* His son, Arthur H. Clark, Jr., who assumed control of the company with his father's retirement in 1947 at the mellow age of seventy-eight, has inherited that interest and that dedication, as testified by his membership in the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners and by the handsome Brand Books that he regularly produces for its publications committee.

His interest is equally testified by the appearance of the first two volumes of the company's latest multi-volume series on the West: *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West,* to appear eventually in six volumes under the editorship of the indefatigable LeRoy R. Hafen. The plan revealed by these two initial books is an ambitious one. Beginning with an expert 170-page history of the fur trade by the editor, the series will contain biographical sketches of from one to twenty-five pages of every trapper who baited a beaver trap and every entrepreneur who dreamed of 2,000 per cent profits as he dispatched a caravan toward the rendezvous. The authors selected to prepare these sketches are the masters of their craft; the list reads like a who's who of fur-trade scholarship in the United States.

The results of this planning, as measured by these first volumes, are impressive. The biographical essays they contain are not only admirably wrought but reveal that their authors have searched manuscript sources for the obscure crumbs of learning that lend authenticity to the result. This means, happily, that the layers of

legend which have encrusted histories of the trade are being stripped away: Hugh Glass and his grizzly will probably appear once again at the appropriate spot, but the stress will be on hard fact and sound interpretation. The series promises to be a work of enduring usefulness, worthy of the firm that financed its publication, and an essential tool for anyone who deals with the mountain men in the future. The no-nonsense sketch of Tom Tobin by Harvey L. Carter which follows typifies the spirit with which the enterprise has been endowed by Arthur H. Clark's dedication to western history and LeRoy R. Hafen's expert editing.

TOM TOBIN BY HARVEY L. CARTER

Tom Tobin wears the buckskin suit given him by Governor John Evans of Colorado as reward for having killed the Espinosas.

For three long days in the high Sangre de Cristo Mountains, a forty-year-old man clung doggedly to the slight trail of two men wanted by the territory of Colorado for more than a score of wanton murders. On the fourth day he found them, and on the fifth day dumped the severed heads of the two at the feet of the Fort Garland officer who had sent him on the manhunt. It was thus that Thomas Tate Tobin, a latecomer to the mountains, earned for himself a niche in the annals of the daring exploits of the mountain men.

Tobin was born in St. Louis, Missouri, as near as can be ascertained, on March 15 of the year 1823[1] His father, Bartholomew Tobin, was an Irish laborer.[2] His mother, Sarah Tishman, was thought to have been from Nova Scotia, and was the mother of another mountain man, Charles Autobees, by Francois Autobees or Francisco Ortibi. Charley Autobees and Thomas Tobin were, therefore, half brothers. Because both Charley and Tom were illiterate, there is much confusion as to the exact spelling of their names.[3]

Tom went to Taos in 1837 where he joined his half brother. Charley had been active as a trapper for some ten years and in 1836 under employment with Simeon Turley had become engaged in the fur trade with the Indians. Tobin used the name of Autobees as his own, and he seems to have made his home with Charley until his marriage, also working now and then for Turley and probably spending a good bit of his time hunting and trapping. It is known that Tom accompanied Charley to Fort Lupton in 1841 and 1842,[4] and it is probable that during these years he served a general apprenticeship in the ways of the frontier under his

more experienced half brother and that he trapped for Lancaster P. Lupton.

At age twenty-one on November 3, 1844, Tom married Pascuala Bernal.[6] She was a native of Arroyo Hondo where Turley's mill and distillery were located, and the couple made their home there for several years. However, in 1845 when Charley Autobees returned to Missouri and brought out a wagon load of goods for Turley, it is probable that Tom went along because on the return trip, according to the record of the James J. Webb wagon train, six men under "Tom Otobus" were detached for scouting duty and sent ahead from Bent's Fort over the Taos trail to Santa Fe.[6]

In 1846 the half brothers, in company with other citizens, received a grant of land from Governor Armijo, of New Mexico, but the grant became a subject of litigation, and it does not appear that the rights were ever established.[7] Meanwhile the American occupation of New Mexico by General Stephen Watts Kearny took place.

On January 19, 1847, when the celebrated Taos rebellion occurred, Charley Autobees was on his way to Santa Fe with a load of Turley's whiskey. Tom was back at Turley's mill, which soon came under attack. Turley and ten employees held off the attack on the first day, but on the second, January 20, the mill was set on fire, and it became apparent that the defenders must try to escape. Of the eight who tried to fight their way out, only John Albert got through. But Tom Tobin, William Le Blanc, and Turley himself dug a hole through an adobe wall and fled to the mountains. Turley was captured and killed by the rebels, but Le Blanc reached the Greenhorn settlement to the north, and Tobin made his way south to Santa Fe. There he enlisted, along with his brother, in St. Vrain's company of mountain men who had volunteered for the purpose of helping to put down the uprising.[8]

On February 20, 1847, the volunteers were discharged, and there are no details available of the services rendered by Tom. He may have participated in the fighting at La Canada, Embudo, and Taos Pueblo, which brought the rebellion to an end. On the other hand, he may have been sent by St. Vrain to Bent's Fort — in which case he may be the free trapper, "Tom," who with Lucien Maxwell, Manuel Le Fevre, and Basil Lajeunesse, accompanied William Bransford and seventeen employees of Bent Brothers and St. Vrain on the journey described by Lewis Hector Garrard in *Wah-toh-yah and the Taos Trail.* Tobin was never able to get a pension from the government for his services as a volunteer. He never gave any particulars of his services for the record, and if he was on messenger rather than fighting service during this time, it may be that he withheld the facts deliberately in order not to weaken his case for a pension. Therefore, although the point cannot absolutely be proved, evidence seems to favor the conclusion that Garrard's "Tom" was *the* Tom Tobin.[9]

It was probably in 1847 that Tobin, Charley Autobees, and other mountain men tried farming along the St. Charles River near its confluence with the Arkansas. This venture lasted but one season, however, and both brothers returned to Arroyo Hondo.[10] In 1850 Charley moved up to the Red River settlement some twenty miles north, but Tom remained in Arroyo Hondo.

A strange juxtaposition of circumstances brought Tom Tobin into contact with Edward Fitzgerald Beale. Late in June of 1853 while making a survey along the thirty-eighth parallel to establish the feasibility of a central railroad route to the Pacific, Beale's party lost their baggage while attempting to ford the Gunnison River at the point where it is joined by the Uncompaghre. Beale sent his cousin, Gwinn Harris Heap, to Taos for supplies. On July 6, 1853, Heap stayed with Charley Autobees at the Red River settlement and on his recommendation hired Tom Tobin to act as scout and guide for the expedition to California. Heap wrote: "I have engaged a young American Thomas Otterby, to go with us to California, he having a reputation almost equal to Kit Carson's for bravery, dexterity with his rifle, and skill in mountain life."[11] Although no further mention is made of the guide's services, it is apparent that they were satisfactorily performed, for Beale and Heap reached California.

It was on his return from California that Tom ceased to use the name Autobees and began to call himself by his real name, Tobin (often written Toben or Tobens).[12] Sometime in the late 1850's he acquired a quarter section of land, with water rights, about six miles west of Fort Garland, a military post overlooking the San Luis Valley.[13] But it was in 1863 that Tom Tobin became the hero of the adventure story for which he will be long remembered.

In that year two bandits by the name of Espinosa were terrorizing Colorado Territory. They were responsible for so many murders that in desperation Terri-

torial Governor John Evans offered a $2500 reward for their death or capture. Colonel Samuel Tappan, commander at Fort Garland, sought the services of Tobin in the hope that with his ability as a tracker he might enable the soldiers to find the renegades known to be hiding out in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

On September 7, 1863, Tobin with fifteen soldiers under Lieutenant H. W. Baldwin, a citizen by the name of Loring Jinks, and a Mexican boy named Juan Montoya set out. Jinks and most of the soldiers were separated from Tobin on the second day, but Baldwin, a few soldiers, and Montoya stayed with him. They struck the bandit trail and followed it over the mountains and down La Veta Creek. The assassins were driving two oxen. Tobin found where they released one, and he guessed that they would butcher the other at their camp. He followed their trail by means of broken twigs and located the camp site by the circling flight of buzzards.

As Tobin, two soldiers, and the Mexican boy crept toward the camp, Tobin stepped on a stick. The stick snapped—and the elder outlaw went for his gun. Tobin shot him and reloaded. The two soldiers and Montoya fired at the younger Espinosa but missed. Tobin fired and hit him in the back, breaking it. The first outlaw still had a pistol, but he missed his aim. Tobin took him by the hair, drew his head back over a fallen tree and cut it off with his hunting knife. He sent the Mexican boy to decapitate the other and then put the two heads in a gunny sack. They found a diary which contained proof of the guilt of the outlaws in twenty-two murders. On September 11, they arrived back at Fort Garland where Tobin rolled the heads out of the sack at Colonel Tappan's feet.

Governor Evans never paid Tobin the reward. Three years later under Governor McCook, Tom received $500, and thirty years later under Governor Davis H. Waite, the Colorado legislature voted him another $1,000. As a matter of justice the state of Colorado still owes Tobin $1,000, but as the second payment was stated to be "full payment," there is no legal claim.[14]

Tobin undoubtedly mastered the Indian art of tracking better than most white men. Traveling in ever-widening circles until he "cut sign," he would then cling to the "sign" until the quarry was overtaken. He was also an expert with a muzzle-loading rifle. He wore a piece of leather, the size of a silver dollar but notched like a buzz-saw around the edge, on his coat or vest. He would stick a cap on each tooth of this disc, and with bullets in his mouth and with the patching or wadding omitted, he could quickly insert powder and ball and cap and fire the gun. Four or five shots could be made in rapid succession before the gun would become leaded.[15]

The gun with which Tobin shot the Espinosas measures fifty-five inches in length, the barrel being thirty-eight inches, octagonal in shape and rifled with eight grooves. The stock is of walnut and extends halfway along the barrel. The front sight is a blade, low and long; the rear sight a V, fixed and very fine. The breech block is octagonal, slightly out of line with the octagonal lines of the barrel; the nipple is on the right and small. The trigger is of the "set" type; the rear deeply curved, front nearly straight, with a set-screw in between. On the top of the barrel, about three inches behind the rear sight, "St. Louis" appears to be stamped or finely engraved. On the right side of the barrel just ahead of the lock are twelve vertical notches made with a cold chisel. There are some letters on the lock, but these are hard to identify.[16]

Tobin's first wife, Pascuala Bernal, died in 1887. Among the several children by this marriage were Tom, Jr., who was a guard at Colorado State Penitentiary, Cañon City, Colorado, and was killed while chasing escaped convicts;[17] and a daughter Pascualita, who married William Carson, eldest son of Kit Carson. William Carson did not get along with his father-in-law and in an argument once shot and seriously wounded him. Tobin at first said he would be revenged but changed his mind because he thought he did not have a right to interfere in another man's family affairs! Tom Tobin married a second time, his wife being Rosa Quintana, who survived him. There were no children of this marriage.[18]

Tobin died old, nearly blind, and almost destitute, on May 16, 1904.[19] He had never adjusted well to the changing times. He liked the life of a hunter and trapper and clung to it too long. Short and sturdily built like Kit Carson, of whom he said, "I et many a beaver tail with him," Tobin liked to wear his buckskin suit even in his later years. Though a hard, gruff, taciturn man, he could be drawn out and would tell stories of the past of which he was so much a part. He was certainly one of the last relics of a bygone age and, as such, was not very well understood by latecomers or by younger generations.

continued on next page

1. Tobin told Edgar L. Hewett in 1897 that he was born in 1823. *See* Edgar L. Hewett, "Tom Tobin" in *Colorado Magazine*, XXIII (September, 1946), 211. The date of birth given on Tobin's tombstone at Fort Garland, Colorado, is March 15, 1826. The month and day may be correct, but the year is undoubtedly in error for the reason that it is known that Tobin first came to the mountains in 1837. It is quite possible that he did this at the age of fourteen but unlikely that he could have done so at the age of eleven.

2. John A. Paxton, *The St. Louis Directory and Register* (St. Louis, 1821) lists a Bartholomew Tobin, laborer, residing at 106 Church Street, Corner E. At the time of his marriage, Tom Tobin, then going under the name Ortibi or Autobees, gave the name of his father as Bartolome Ortibi and his mother as Serafina Tishman. *See* Fray Angelico Chavez, "New Names in New Mexico, 1820 1850" in *El Palacio*, LXIV (November and December, 1957), 369 Thus he changed the name of his father to match that of the name he himself was then using. I am indebted to Mrs. Janet S. Lecompte for this information

3. For a discussion of these difficulties about names see Janet S. Lecompte, "Charles Autobees" in *Colorado Magazine*, XXXIV (July, 1957), 162-65. Charles Autobees' son, Tom, told F. W. Cragin on November 10, 1907, that his father's mother was named "Issman or something like that." This is similar to the "Tishman recorded by New Mexican authorities. However, other names are given for her, and even her nationality is hard to determine.

4 Interview of F. W Cragin with Tom Autobees, Avondale, Colorado, November 10, 1907. F. W. Cragin Papers, Pioneer's Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado, Notebook X, 36.

5. Taos Parish Matrimonial Records, 1833 45, 272.

6. J. J. Webb, *Adventures in the Santa Fe Trade*, Ralph Bieber (ed.), *Southwest Historical Series*, I, 130ff

7. Janet S. Lecompte, *op. cit.*, 176-79.

8. F. W Cragin Papers, Notebook VIII, 13. Cragin's informant was Antonio Le Blanc, son of William Le Blanc. *See also* Howard L. Conard, *Uncle Dick Wootton* (Chicago, 1890), 180. L. Bradford Prince, *Historical Sketches of New Mexico* (Kansas City, 1883) lists the names of the volunteers in an appendix. Charles and Thomas *Antibes* are listed. This is no doubt a printer's error in transcribing *Autobees*.

9. See L. H. Garrard, *Wah-toh-yah and the Taos Trail* (Norman, 1955), 123-46. The reasons favoring the identification of Garrard's "Tom" as Tom Tobin are as follows. Garrard is very reliable as to names and especially as to surnames. He makes use of no fictional characters Tom cannot have been Tom Boggs, who is mentioned elsewhere in the book. Tom Tobin, at this time, was known as Tom Autobees. This was an unusual name, and Garrard may have been unable to remember it or he may have been unsure how to spell it. "Tom" is said to have lived in Taos. He made some bullets on the way. He is apparently a young man but does not talk much. All these things point to Tom Tobin. In addition, there have always been persistent but unverified reports that Charley Autobees brought news of the Taos Rebellion to the posts on the Arkansas River. If Tom Autobees actually carried messages there for St Vrain, these reports are accounted for. Such messenger service seems entirely compatible with the nature of the service expected from volunteers during this emergency. That Tom Tobin's home was in nearby Arroyo Hondo rather than in Taos does not weaken the case very greatly. No other likely candidate for the role of Garrard's "Tom" has been put forward

LeRoy R. Hafen has kindly brought to my attention a clipping from an item by Major Henry Romeyn, which appeared in *Outing* (January, 1905) and is found in the Dawson Scrap Books, I, 198, Colorado Historical Society Library, Denver, Colorado, which quotes Tobin as saying that he carried General Kearny's report from Santa Fe to Fort Leavenworth in less than eleven days, riding nine horses. This and the further information, *ibid*, I, 379, that he was Colonel William Gilpin's courier to Bent's Fort for provisions, in 1847 or 1848, seems to strengthen the case for identification of Garrard's "Tom" as Tom Tobin.

10. F. W. Cragin Papers, Notebook X, 39. Cragin's information came from Tom Autobees, who gave the year as 1846, but there are good reasons for thinking it was 1847

11. Gwinn Harris Heap, *Central Route to the Pacific*, LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen (eds.), *Far West and the Rockies Series* (Glendale, 1957), VII, 178

12. Fray Angelico Chavez, *loc. cit*

13. Interviews of Reverend William Thompson, O.S.B. with Mrs. Pollido Martinez and Alfred Meder, Fort Garland, Colorado, August 3, 1962. Transcripts of these interviews were kindly placed at my disposal by Father Thompson.

14. Tom Tobin, "The Capture of the Espinosas," *Colorado Magazine*, IX (March, 1932), 59-66 This statement was dictated by Tobin in 1895 and sent to the State Historical Library at his request. My account is condensed from this statement, retaining some of its language. The first payment of $500 was raised in Denver. *See* F. W. Cragin Papers, Notebook VI, 7.

15. John Carson, son of Hampton Carson, Kit Carson's brother, at La Junta, Colorado, July 8, 1908, told F. W. Cragin that Tom Tobin demonstrated this method of rapid firing to him. F. W. Cragin Papers, Notebook VIII, 87.

16. The gun was given by Tobin before his death to Charles A. Meyer, whose daughter, Mrs. Charles Clark, gave it to the Abbey School on July 4, 1958. I am indebted to Father William Thompson for this detailed description

17. It is not very clear whether Tom, Jr, was killed by one of the convicts or accidentally by another guard. He was married to Lola Valdez and has decendants living in Longmont, Colorado *See* F. W. Cragin Papers, Notebook X, 15. Cragin's information came from Edward Pauls, a fifty-niner, on November 16, 1907. Young Tom's death was about 1902 or 1903 On William Carson see *Denver Republican*, May 13, 1888, for his shooting of his father-in-law; also F. W. Cragin Papers, Notebook XVIII, 22; XI, 50. Cragin's informant was De Witt Fulton Allen, who married Teresina Carson, eldest daughter of Kit Carson. Interview held at Raton, New Mexico, December 29, 1907. William Carson's horse kicked a pitchfork, which struck the revolver in his belt and fired it. F. W. Cragin Papers, Notebook X, 4. The *Independent Journal*, Alamosa, Colorado, January 24, 1889, reported, "Carson was shot by his horse the previous Friday." Kit Carson, III, a son of William Carson and a grandson of both Kit Carson and Tom Tobin, is living in Alamosa, Colorado He has a fine buckskin suit made by Ute squaws that belonged to one of his grandfathers, some say to Tom Tobin; others say to Kit Carson. He was born in 1884 and lived as a boy with Tobin A daughter of Tom Tobin, Maria, married Michael Breen. Through her daughters, there are Tobin descendants living in Durango, Colorado. Another daughter, Sarah, was never married Of two other sons, little is known beyond the fact of their birth

18. Interview by Reverend William Thompson, O.S.B. of Mrs. Pollido Martinez at Fort Garland, Colorado, August 3, 1962. The grandmother of Mrs. Martinez was a sister of Tobin's first wife

19. This is the date on the tombstone in the cemetery in Fort Garland. *See also* Carson Bent-Boggs Genealogy (Denver Public Library, 1962), 76.

over something, *"Worry's like ridin' a hobby hoss. It gives you somethin' to do, but don't get you anywhere."*

In the Texas Panhandle there was an old cowman who, when he got disgusted at anyone who could not seem to understand or learn things easily, always washed his hands of the matter by saying, *"A wink's as good as a nod to a blind mule."* He once told a young puncher who had done something wrong that, *"Even a woodpecker uses his head when he works." "Even a blind sow'll find an acorn once in a while,"* is a similar expression which I have heard more than once.

A bit of philosophy Spike Hunter used to offer was, *"It's the little things that get tangled in your spurs and trip you."* Shadow Kane once said, *"Only a fool argues with a skunk, a mule or a wagon cook."* I once heard a cowhand inform a tenderfoot that, *"The West don't care what name a man calls himself. It's what he calls others that lets him stay healthy."*

Smokey Saddler, expressing his opinion of a certain lazy cowhand, said, *"The hardest work some folks do is take a long squint at the sun and a quick squat in the shade."* An old rancher from San Antonio, Texas, told a lazy young cowhand that, *"The man who don't do nothin' but set 'round all day on his one-spot never gets ahead."* In the words of another old rancher, *"It's long sleeps that keeps a fellow huntin' his hosses half the time."*

Some of the crude, yet shrewd philosophy of the cow country I have jotted down through the years, deserves to be cut into the pedigreed herd of more educated men. To eliminate who said these and when and where, and to save space, I will simply list a small sampling:

When the wolf goes to roost on
the other fellow's doorstep, something
sure shrinks its howl.

It's after a man's dead that folks dig up
a heap of virtues to pin on him.

There's always somebody to take the
slack out of a trouble-maker's rope.

It seems like when there's any heroin' to
be done, somebody has to hold the hosses.

Some men are so obstinate they wouldn't
move camp for a prairie fire.

It's the switchin' tail that catches the cockleburs.

It's the liar who needs the best memory.

A halo need drop only a few inches
to become a noose.

Some fellows can make a peck of trouble
fill a bushel basket.

The fellow that slaps you on the back
expects you to cough up something.

The toughest broncs are those you've
ridden some other place.

You can't tell how a fellow can ride
by the size of his spurs.

A pat on the back don't cure saddle galls.

The man that always straddles the fence
usually has a sore crotch.

These are a few of the thousands of bits I have gathered from all parts of the range country. It is difficult to do the subject justice, but I hope these few examples have been of interest and prove that the cowman is not all shop talk and profanity. As one said, *"Some of us do get deeper into our minds than just to the roots of our hair."*

Selected Writings of Ramon Adams:

Cowboy Lingo (Boston, 1936); *Western Words: A Dictionary of the Range, Cow Camp, and Trail* (Norman, 1944); *Charles M. Russell, Cowboy Artist* (Pasadena, 1948); *Come An' Get It: Story of the Old Cowboy Cook* (Norman, 1952); *Six-Guns and Saddle Leather: A Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on Western Outlaws and Gunmen* (Norman, 1954); "Cookie," *This Is the West* (Chicago, 1956-57); *Best of the American Cowboy* (Norman, 1957); *The Rampaging Herd: A Bibliography of Books on Men and Events in the Cattle Industry* (Norman, 1959); "Cowboys Bendin' an Elbow," *Cowboy Reader* (New York, 1959); *Fitting Death for Billy the Kid* (Norman, 1960); *The Old-Time Cowhand* (New York, 1961); "Cowboys and Horses of the American West," *Book of the American West* (New York, 1963); "The Old-Time Cowhand," *The American West: An Appraisal* (Santa Fe, 1963); *Burs Under the Saddle* (Norman, 1964); *From the Pecos to the Powder* (Norman, 1965).

Western History Association

announces a joint session with the American Catholic Historical Association to be held in conjunction with the annual meeting of the American Historical Association in San Francisco. The session will convene in the Rosewood Room, San Francisco Hilton, 9:30 A.M., December 29, 1965. Subject: "Religion in the Building of the West."

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New Mexico was a historic mingling ground of three cultures — Indian, Spanish, and Anglo. Adam Clark Vroman's superb documentary photograph of the old Spanish church at Santa Clara Pueblo was made in 1899.